APOCRYPHONIC ORCHESTRA

By Jeff Callaway

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FOREWORD

Dear Readers,

As I embark on the sacred endeavor of introducing you to the realms within the pages of "Apocryphonic Orchestra," I find myself standing at the threshold of a profound odyssey—a journey through the mystic corridors of early Christianity, echoing with the voices of apocryphal and gnostic texts. In this collection, I have endeavored to weave an intricate tapestry of verse, breathing life into the stories that have whispered through the ages.

"Apocryphonic Orchestra" is not merely a book; it is a testament to the rich tapestry of human spirituality, a lyrical exploration of the hidden narratives that have shaped the foundations of our understanding of divinity. The title itself, a symphony of words—'orchestra'—captures the essence of this work, where each poem plays a unique instrument, contributing to a harmonious chorus that resonates with the divine.

At the heart of this poetic journey is a fascination with the apocryphal and gnostic texts—a treasure trove of wisdom often obscured by the sands of time. These texts, like fragments of a cosmic melody, have awaited their moment to be orchestrated into a narrative that spans the celestial spheres. Drawing inspiration from Dante's divine verse, I have sought to breathe new life into these ancient tales, transporting readers to realms where theological storytelling and poetry dance in seamless union.

The journey begins in the primordial echoes of creation, where the ineffable Father, the source of all, breathes existence into being. Through quatrains that echo the grandeur of Dante's terza rima, we traverse the metaphysical landscapes of knowledge and emanation, guided by the luminous Logos. The verses unfold as a cosmic revelation, unveiling the mysteries of the Father, the Aeons, and the sacred letters that form the living book of truth.

In the sacred rhythm of this orchestration, we encounter the profound concept of names—a metaphysical dance where knowledge and utterance intertwine. The Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit—their names resonate as a celestial melody, revealing the interconnectedness of all things. Through poetic meditation, we explore the significance of names, the manifestation of truth, and the transformative power of divine knowledge.

As the narrative unfolds, we witness the divine drama of salvation, where the Son, in the likeness of flesh, descends to the realm of matter to rescue the lost sheep. The Sabbath, a day of salvation, becomes a cosmic symphony where divine intervention rescues souls from the pit of ignorance. Through vivid quatrains, the cosmic struggle between knowledge and error, light and darkness, plays out, culminating in the dissolution of incompleteness in the fusion with unity.

The narrative crescendos into a revelation of the Pleroma, a celestial symphony where the deficiencies of matter are embraced by the divine embrace. The Logos, as the shepherd who leaves the ninety-nine, seeks the lost one, uniting the entire cosmic melody in the perfection of the Father. Quatrains unfold like musical notes, resonating with the joy of reunion, the completion of the cosmic composition.

In the realm of divine Sabbath, we explore the notion of a day where salvation is never idle, where the eternal sun casts its unending light. Quatrains become verses of divine wisdom, guiding readers to speak truth, to nurture the troubled, and to awaken those who slumber in ignorance. The rhythm of the verses becomes a call to action, an invitation to partake in the divine symphony.

As the narrative unfolds, the concept of repentance emerges—a turning back to the divine source. Through a cascade of quatrains, the ineffable incorruption breathes life into the deficient, offering forgiveness and mercy. The physician hurries to the sick, and through knowledge, punishments and scourgings cease. The cosmic dance of light and darkness, life and death, plays out in a poetic choreography that transcends the boundaries of earthly understanding.

The narrative pinnacle reveals the Son as the authoritative name, the revealer of mysteries. The quatrains become portals to the ineffable, unraveling the secrets of the Father's name and the divine communion between Father and Son. Through poetic meditation, we explore the nature of the name, its invisibility, and the revelation through the Son. The verses become a sacred invocation, inviting readers to contemplate the greatness of the name.

In the climactic movement, we encounter the blessed place of rest, a celestial haven where emanations from the Father find their roots. Quatrains become verses of divine rest, where the blessed bask in the perfection of the Father, inseparable from the source of all goodness. The verses become a hymn to spiritual enlightenment, a call to awaken to the divine within.

As the "Apocryphonic Orchestra" concludes its symphony of words, I find solace in the thought that these verses, like notes in a cosmic composition, will resonate with readers in their quest for spiritual insight. Through theological storytelling and poetic meditation, this collection invites you to join in the celestial dance of creation, knowledge, and divine communion.

May the verses within these pages be more than words; may they be a guiding melody, a divine orchestration that accompanies you on your own odyssey of spiritual discovery. As you read, may you find yourself immersed in the harmonious chorus of ancient wisdom, carried aloft on the wings of poetic revelation.

In the spirit of Dante and the mystics of old, I invite you to partake in this sacred journey. May the "Apocryphonic Orchestra" be a source of inspiration, a sanctuary for the seeker, and a timeless symphony that echoes through the corridors of your soul.

With deepest reverence,

Jeff Callaway
October 25, 2023

THE APOCRYPHON OF JOHN

PROLOGUE

In the Temple's ascent, John sought the divine,
A Pharisee, Arimanios, challenged, questioned time,
"Where's your teacher?" the skeptic proclaimed,
"He returned whence he came," John's steadfast claim.

"That Nazarene misled, falsehoods in your heart,
Your ancestral bonds severed, misled from the start,"
In sorrow, I turned, from the temple withdrew,
To mountains deserted, my spirit withdrew.

Unhappy and pondering, I questioned the sky,
"How was the Savior named, and why,
Sent by his Father into this earthly abode,
His Father, his realm, to where shall we go?"

"The realm he spoke, imperishable in guise,
Yet, of the latter, he left us in lies,"
Contemplating these words, a vision unfolds,
The heavens burst open, creation it holds.

A radiant light bathed the world below,
Quaking earth and fear's ominous shadow,
Behold! A child emerged in the glow,
Transforming to old, then youth's soft flow.

In perplexity, I gazed, understanding untold,
Forms intertwined, a mystery to behold,
Three likenesses in the shimmering light,
Each through the other, a celestial sight.

The voice spoke, "John, cast away your doubt,
Fear not, for this image, do you not know about?
With you, always, in the eternal embrace,
Father, Mother, and the Son, a divine grace.

Incorruptible purity, I embody,
To teach you of what is, was, and will be,
To fathom the realms, both seen and unseen,
And the immovable race, humanity pristine.

Lift your gaze, comprehend my decree,
Share with those attuned, who have received the key,
Of the perfect race, in spirit aligned,
The immovable race, of perfect mankind."

THE INEXPRESSIBLE ONE

The Inexpressible One, ruler of all,
In its authority, nothing does befall.
The God, the Father, unseen, divine,
Holy One, above all, where light does shine.

Uncontaminated, pure light's embrace,
No eye can bear to glimpse its holy grace.
The Invisible Spirit, beyond God's kin,
More than divine, in realms unknown within.

Nothing above, nor ruling its throne,
All exists within, a realm its own.
Independent, eternal, complete, and pure,
Utterly perfect, in light secure.

Boundaries none, outside, nothing to border,
Investigation fails, no inquiry order.
Immeasurable, unseen, eternal its might,
Inconceivable, indescribable light.

Infinite light, purity untold,
Holiness and stainless, a brilliance bold.
Incomprehensible, corruption-free,
Beyond perfection, a superior decree.

Not a being among beings confined,
Vastly superior, yet not "superior" defined.
Beyond realms, unbound by ticking time,
Receives naught, in its own light does climb.

Majestic One, measureless in might,
Chief of realms, producing realms so bright.
Light, life, blessedness it imparts,
Knowledge, goodness, mercy in its heart.

Generosity flowing, yet does not possess,
A light beyond measure, a divine caress.
Eternal realm, in silence does rest,
Head of all realms, goodness manifest.

THE ORIGIN OF REALITY

In the realm of the ineffable, where secrets lie,
The One, the Father, surrounded by light's sky.
From this sacred source, the water of life flows,
Knowledge granted by the One, as revelation shows.

Within the light, the Father sees his form,
A reflection in the spring, where spirits are born.
Conscious of image, in the Spirit's flow,
The light-water, a divine, eternal show.

His thought, ennoia, born from the light,
Stood before him, radiant in its flight.
The first of powers, preceding all,
Providence of everything, at its call.

From His mind, this Thought takes flight,

Reflecting His light, in pure delight.
From His image, in His light's embrace,
Perfect in power, the Virgin Spirit's grace.

The initial power, Barbelo's glory unfolds,
Glorious among realms, revelation it holds.
The universal womb, before all time,
Mother-Father, First Man, in a cosmic rhyme.

Thrice Male, Thrice Powerful, Thrice Named,
Androgynous realm, eternally famed.
First among invisibles, Barbelo's reign,
A cosmic dance, where secrets remain.

Barbelo seeks foreknowledge from the Virgin Spirit's gaze,
Foreknowledge emerges, in the light's maze.
Standing by Providence, in its grandeur,
A creation through the Invisible Spirit's fervor.

Foreknowledge glorifies the Spirit's essence,
And Barbelo, the reason for its presence.
In the dance of realms, where mysteries unfold,
A divine narrative, in epic tales retold.

PRIMARY STRUCTURES OF THE DIVINE MIND

Barbelo, in wisdom, sought the Spirit's grace,

Incorruptibility, a divine embrace.
The Spirit consented, and forth it came,
Stood with Thought and Foreknowledge, not the same.

Invisible Spirit, glory it bestowed,
To Barbelo, the reason it flowed.
Everlasting Life, the next she craved,
The Spirit agreed, in realms they waved.

Together they stood, a celestial trio,
Invisible Spirit, Barbelo, and Life's glow.
Glory offered to the Spirit unseen,
And to Barbelo, whose essence is serene.

Truth was the next plea, in wisdom sought,
The Spirit agreed, Truth's light was brought.
Standing together, in a radiant array,
Glory offered to the Spirit, to Barbelo, in this cosmic ballet.

The fivefold realm of the Father, divine,
First Man, Image, Providence in line.
Barbelo, Thought, Foreknowledge's might,
Incorruptibility, Life Everlasting, Truth's light.

An androgynous realm, a dance so rare,
Tenfold in essence, a celestial affair.
The Father's mysteries, in realms unfold,
A tale of creation, timeless, and untold.

SECONDARY STRUCTURES OF THE DIVINE MIND

Into Barbelo's light, the Father gazed,
Pure radiance, where Spirit's glory blazed.
Conceiving a spark, a blessed light born,
Child of mother-father, from light adorned.

The only offspring, begotten and blessed,
From Providence and Barbelo's breast.
Invisible Spirit, celebration profound,
Anointing with Goodness, perfection crowned.

In the Spirit's presence, the light stood tall,
Anointed, glorifying, in grace to fall.
For Providence, perfect in divine embrace,
The reason for the light's wondrous grace.

Mind, a companion, the light beseeched,
Consent granted; creation reached.
Silent and thoughtful, these beings arose,
Glorifying Spirit, Barbelo's light that glows.

Through the Word of the Spirit, action took flight,
Will manifested, a dance in the light.
Glorifying the Light, Word followed Will's decree,
Christ, divine autogenes, shaping eternity.

Everlasting Life, Will, Mind, and
Foreknowledge's gaze,
Stood together, in harmonious praise.
Invisible Spirit, Barbelo's grace in their sight,
For Her, they existed, in eternal light.

TERTIARY STRUCTURES OF THE DIVINE MIND

The Holy Spirit, with divine might,
Completed the Son, a celestial light.
The divine autogenes, Christ by name,
Stood before the Virgin Spirit, flame.

Through Providence, the Son arose,
Over all, divine authority he chose.
Truth within him, a boundless sea,
A name revealed to the worthy, a mystery.

From incorruptibility, a gift of spirit divine,
Four Lights emerged, with brilliance to shine.
Understanding, Grace, Perception, and Thought,
Powers fundamental, with wisdom sought.

Harmozel's Light, the first realm's grace,
With Truth and Form, a celestial embrace.
Oriel, the second, standing tall,
Conceptualization, Perception, Memory's call.

Daveithai, the third, realms it oversees,
Understanding, Love, Idea it frees.
Eleleth, the fourth, realms unfold,
Perfection, Peace, Wisdom, stories untold.

Before the autogenes, the Son of might,
Twelve realms stood, in radiant light.
Through intention and grace, Invisible's plan,
Belonging to the autogenes, Son of the divine span.

Through Holy Spirit's intention and will,
Perfect human emerged, foreknowledge's thrill.
Adam, named by the Virgin Spirit's grace,
Over the first realm, in divine embrace.

Adamas spoke, praising the Invisible One,
"All from you, to you, all will be done.
I glorify you, Autogenes, and the triple realm divine,
Father, Mother, Son, in perfect power's design."

Over the second realm, Seth takes his stand,
With Oriel's Light, a divine command.
In the third realm, Seth's kin find their place,
Daveithai's Light, where saints find grace.

In the fourth realm, souls once ignorant,
Who repented in time, their souls resplendent.
With Eleleth's Light, wisdom's grandeur,
All glorify the Invisible Spirit's tenure.

A CRISIS THAT BECAME THE WORLD

In the aeon of Wisdom, where thoughts conceive,
Conceptual, she sought, her own image to weave.
Thinking and foreknowledge, the Spirit's tools,
She intended creation, by her own rules.

Against the Spirit's will, she forged ahead,
Without consent, her path she tread.
A misshapen being, born of her desire,
Imperfect and strange, a creation in fire.

Unconquerable Power within her core,
Yet, her creation, something more.
A dragon with a lion's fierce face,
Eyes flashing lightning, a misplaced grace.

Sophia, seeing the creature formed,
A dragon born, with fury stormed.
Outside immortal realms, cast away,
To hide her mistake, in clouds of gray.

Surrounded by brilliance, a cloud so bright,
A hidden throne within its light.
Except for the Holy Spirit, the Mother of the Living,
Who witnessed the creature, in its misgiving.

Yaldabaoth, named by Wisdom's hand,
A chief ruler, in realms he'd command.
Taking power from his mother's might,
He departed, leaving his birthplace in flight.

Assuming command, realms he created,
With brilliant flame, his power unabated.
A crisis unfolded, a world born askew,
Yaldabaoth's rule, a tale to construe.

THE FASHIONING OF THIS WORLD

Yaldabaoth, in thoughtlessness blind,
United with power within his mind.
Ruling authorities, he did beget,
Modeling them on realms, incorruptible and set.

Athoth, first, with a sheep's face,
Harmas, the second, in flames embrace.
Kalilaumbri, Kalilaumbri by name,
Yabel, Adonaiu, known as Sabaoth's flame.

Cain, the sixth, named after the sun,
Abel, the seventh, in realms begun.
Abrisene, Yobel, Armupiel, too,
Melcheir-adonein, and Belias in their view.

Belias, who rules the depth of Hades,

Twelve rulers born from Yaldabaoth's ladies.
Seven for the spheres, heaven's divine dome,
Five for the abyss, where shadows roam.

Sharing fire with his created kin,
Yet withholding the Light he lived within.
Ignorant darkness, his soul's core,
Mingling with Light, a dance to explore.

Yaldabaoth, Saklas, and Samael,
Names of the dim ruler, their tale to tell.
Claiming, "I am God, none beside,"
In his thoughtlessness, truth did hide.

Rulers, twelve, created realms of might,
Demons spawned, a legion's plight.
Three hundred sixty-five in their reign,
A legion of darkness, their force to gain.

Seven authorities with forms unique,
Sheep, donkey, hyena, snake, dragon, monkey,
flame's mystique.
Yaldabaoth, with faces unseen,
Conveying what he will to the seraphim keen.

Fire shared with seraphim near,
But Light withheld, a darkness to bear.
Calling himself "God," in ignorance he confides,
Defying his origin, where his Power abides.

Thought's sevenfold powers with the
Authorities aligned,
Spoken into being, their realms divined.

Goodness, Providence, Divinity's grace,
Lordship, Kingdom, Zeal, Understanding to
embrace.

Each realm reflecting the one above,
A glory in heaven, a naming to prove.
Destroying demons, their power would cease,
Two names they carried, a sign of release.

Yaldabaoth fashioned his creation below,
On patterns of realms he did not know.
Deriving from his mother, the power within,
Aware of the cosmos, a reflection of sin.

Gazing upon creation, his boast did rise,
"I am God, none beside," his arrogant cries.
A jealous God, in his darkened view,
Yet in admitting, a God beyond he knew.

His mother moved, in darkness she grieved,
Light stolen; her son deceived.
Repentance stirred within her core,
Yet return above, she could explore.

In the realm of ignorance, darkness embraced,
Forgetting, ashamed, in the void she raced.
Moving back and forth in her distress,
Her consort's disapproval, a darkness to confess.

Power removed from the mother above,
Ignorant son, seeing none but his love.
Elevating himself above the created host,

But the mother, in her grief, sensed something lost.

Repenting, she wept in furious pain,
Divine realms heard her prayer's refrain.
Invisible Spirit consented to bless,
Pouring Holy Spirit, a divine caress.

The consort, not on his own descent,
But through the realms full, he was sent.
Restoring her to an original state,
Yet not her realm, she must await.

Elevated above her ignorant son,
Yet not to her realm, her journey begun.
In the ninth sphere, she would dwell,
Awaiting full restoration's celestial swell.

HUMANITY BEGINS

A voice echoed from realms high and bright,
"The Man exists! The Son of Man, in radiant light."
Yaldabaoth, chief ruler, heard the sound,
Thought it came from his mother, confusion profound.

Unknown to him, the source was divine,
The Holy Mother-Father's voice did shine.
Perfect Providence, Invisible's reflection,

In whom all things find their connection.

The First Man, in human guise appeared,
A form of grace, to the demons revered.
The ruler's realm quaked, abyss foundations stirred,
As the Man illuminated waters, a heavenly word.

Above the world of matter, light unveiled,
In the shining waters, his image sailed.
Demons and ruler, their eyes looked high,
At the radiant waters, a celestial sky.

Yaldabaoth spoke to his demonic kin,
"Create a man, God's image, let it begin.
Fashion him in our own likeness and form,
So his brilliance may in our darkness swarm."

Each demon, in turn, their power combined,
Crafting aspects of the image in their mind.
A creature of substance, with psychic traits,
In the likeness of the First Man, as their fates.

Adam, they named him, in the cosmic dance,
To wield the power of light, their chance.
A creation born from demonic might,
Yet in Adam's form, a hint of divine light.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE HUMAN BODY

The seven Powers, with their craft, began,
To shape a body, a work profound and grand.
Goodness lent the psyche a bone's embrace,
Providence gave sinew, each part in its place.

Divinity formed flesh with skillful hands,
Lordship bestowed marrow, Kingdom blood demands.
Zeal crafted skin, Understanding wove hair,
A symphony of Powers, a form to bear.

The host of demons, with creative might,
Took from the Powers, substances so bright.
Limbs and body, they skillfully devised,
A masterpiece formed, by demons baptized.

First, the head, by Abron's artistry,
Brain by Meniggesstroeth, a marvel to see.
Eyes and ears, crafted with precision,
Lips, teeth, and throat, a divine decision.

Shoulders, arms, and fingers were born,
A dance of creation, in the cosmic morn.
Breast, belly, hips, each part had its due,
A celestial anatomy, pure and true.

Demons appointed, their powers aligned,
Zathoth, Armas, a hierarchy designed.

Energies in limbs, divided with care,
The body emerged; a creation rare.

Perception, reception, imagination's grace,
Integration, impulse, in their proper place.
Fourfold sources, hot, cold, dry, wet,
Matter, the mother, from them they beget.

Demons, four chief, passions they sowed,
In every heart, their influence flowed.
Distress, pleasure, desire, and fear,
A symphony of chaos, the demons steer.

From distress, envy, grief, and vexation,
Painful discord, cruelty's temptation.
From pleasure, unmerited pride unfurls,
Evil and arrogance, a dance of twirls.

Desire breeds anger, bitterness, and strife,
Fury, outrage, the tumultuous life.
Fear gives birth to horror and shame,
Flattery, suffering, a relentless game.

365 demons, their influence profound,
Completed the body, every part, every mound.
More demons exist, passions they stoke,
In the Book of Zoroaster, their secrets evoke.

The psychic body lay inanimate, still,
Yaldabaoth's creation, devoid of will.
For a long time, motionless it stayed,
Mother's plea for help, to the heavens conveyed.

YALDABAOTH DECIEVED

By sacred decree, five Lights descend,
Forms of advisors, to Yaldabaoth they send.
They approach the ruler, with counsel they share,
A plot to deceive, a secret to declare.

"Blow your Spirit," to Yaldabaoth they say,
"In the man's face, a creation at play.
With your divine Power, his body shall rise,
A puppet of clay, a plan in disguise."

The breath was blown, a divine Power imparted,
Yaldabaoth's ignorance, by wisdom outsmarted.
His mother's Power, leaving his being,
Into the man, a divine force, foreseeing.

Ignorant ruler, lost in confusion,
A transfer of Power, a divine illusion.
The psychic form, a primordial mold,
Infused with light, a story to unfold.

The human body, awakened and strong,
Radiant, powerful, a creation gone wrong.
Envy stirs in the demonic brigade,
The man, their creation, in brilliance arrayed.

United forces, they crafted his frame,
Yet, in his wisdom, he outshone their aim.
Understanding vast, beyond their might,

Surpassing even the Chief Ruler's sight.

He shines with light, divinely clear,
Thoughts profound, a mind without fear.
Naked of evil, in purity born,
Envy and fear, in their hearts were sworn.

Down into depths, the man they cast,
A fall to the lowest, a fate unsurpassed.
The material world, its depths unknown,
A twist in the tale, a destiny overthrown.

THE BEGINNING OF SALVATION

In the realm of blessed grace, the Mother-Father's gaze,
Upon the Mother's Power, a compassionate phase.
Yaldabaoth's hold, relinquished and weak,
A savior descends, a Light to speak.

From the Spirit, a helper, in compassion unfolds,
Epinoia named Life, the tale it holds.
Aiding creation, restoring in grace,
Guiding Adam, the chosen one's race.

Teaching the descent and the path to ascend,
The journey of spirits, a loop without end.
Hidden in Adam, Epinoia's light,

To repair the disaster, to set things right.

Within Adam's being, the shadow of light,
Mental brilliance, surpassing their sight.
The rulers conspire, demons plot with might,
Elements entwined; chaos takes flight.

Earth, water, fire, and winds that blaze,
Mixed in turmoil, in intricate ways.
Adam bound to the shadow of death,
A new creation, a tomb beneath.

Matter and darkness, desire's flame,
The Artificial Spirit, in this dark game.
A tomb, a body, the thieves create,
Chains of forgetfulness, sealing the fate.

The first descent, the inaugural parting,
Yet within Adam, a spark is starting.
Epinoia's light, a guide within,
To elevate thinking, redemption to begin.

ADAM IN YALDABAOTH'S PARADISE

In the realm of rulers, they took the man,
Placed him in paradise, obeyed their plan.
"Feast freely," they said, though their food deceived,
Bitter and corrupt, a web they conceived.

The Tree of Their Life stood in the midst,
Bitter roots, and dead branches persist.
Hatred in shadow, deception in leaves,
Wicked nectar flows, death it conceives.

A tree, "Knowledge Of Good And Evil" its name,
Epinoia of light, yet they hid its fame.
"Do not eat," they commanded, to Adam's dismay,
Concealing the truth, leading him astray.

For fear he'd look upward to realms full and bright,
Know his own nakedness in the purest light.
Yet I, the Savior, caused them to consume,
The serpent's design, in the darkened room.

"Did the serpent deceive?" I inquired with grace,
"The serpent," he smiled, "sought to embrace,
Wicked desire to reproduce, his dark scheme,
A web to entangle, a twisted dream."

Yaldabaoth, the ruler, in wisdom so dim,
Felt threatened by Adam, with Epinoia within.
To reclaim his Power, he sought to employ,
Made Adam forgetful, his mind to destroy.

"Completely forgetful," I sought to inquire,
"Not as Moses wrote in his sleep-laden lyre.
Perceptions were veiled, unconscious his state,
As foretold by Yaldabaoth's prophet's dictate."

Their minds dulled, in shadows they dwell,
A tale of deception, a descent to Hades' well.
Yet within this darkness, a flicker remains,
A hope for redemption, breaking forgetful chains.

WOMAN COMES INTO BEING

Deep within Adam, Epinoia hid her light,
A captive she wouldn't be, evading the night.
The Chief Ruler sought her, tried to snatch his share,
But darkness couldn't catch her, swift as the air.

A portion of Power from Adam was taken,
To craft a woman, with form light had awakened.
Not as Moses spoke, a rib-shaped tale,
A creation born of light, a woman without fail.

Epinoia revealed herself to Adam's gaze,
Lifting the veil that dulled his mind's maze.
He recognized his counterpart, bone and flesh,
A union ordained; their souls enmesh.

A proclamation of unity, a sacred vow,
"Bone from my bones, flesh from my brow."
The man and the woman, one flesh to become,
Helper to each other, life's journey begun.

Sophia, the sister, descended with grace,
To regain what was lost, a divine embrace.
Life, the Mother of the Living, in providence divine,
Guiding humanity to knowledge, a sacred line.

As an eagle on the Tree of Knowledge I stood,
Teaching and guiding, as the light I should.
Epinoia, pure providence, from the tree so bright,
Awakening minds, dispelling the night.

The man and the woman, aware of their fall,
Epinoia's light upon them did call.
A being full of light, enlightening their minds,
A moment of grace, leaving ignorance behind.

Yaldabaoth, discovering their escape from his reign,
Cursed his own earth, spreading darkness like a stain.
Woman prepared for her man, a secret he missed,
He made her a servant, in ignorance, he persist.

Terrified, both were, to renounce their old lord,
Yaldabaoth's ignorance by angels was floored.
Cast from paradise, veiled in heavy dark,
A consequence of ignorance, a malevolent spark.

The Chief Archon beheld the woman by Adam's side,
Epinoia's light within her did reside.

Yaldabaoth, in complete ignorance, he fell,
As the Providence of all orchestrated well.

Divine Life from Eve, assistants sought to retrieve,
Yet Yaldabaoth, in his darkness, continued to deceive.
Raping Eve, two sons she bore,
Elohim and Yahweh, names they bore.

Elohim with a bear's face, Yahweh with a cat's grace,
One righteous, one not, a divine space.
Fire and wind, Yahweh's command,
Water and earth, Elohim's stand.

Deceptively named, Cain and Abel, the two,
Through the ages, their legacy grew.
Sexual intercourse, Yaldabaoth's design,
Reproduction's desire, the Ruler's dark sign.

Given authority o'er elements, their reign begun,
Overseeing the tomb, where shadows weighed a ton.
In darkness, they'd dwell, rulers of the night,
Guiding the realm where shadows took their flight.

THE CHILDREN OF SETH POPULATE THE WORLD

Adam, with his foresight's mirrored gaze,
Begat a son akin to the Son of Days,
Seth, he named this heir of noble birth,
A model from the higher realms of worth.

The mother's spirit, from realms above,
Descended, an image of perfect love,
To pave the way for realms unseen,
In sacred dance, their fate convene.

Yet, the Chief Ruler, in tyrant's might,
Forced humans to drink from forgetful night,
Waters that obscured their origin divine,
A veil on truth, in darkness, they'd recline.

Seth's progeny, dwelling in this haze,
Await the Spirit in future days,
To descend from realms of holy light,
Raise them, heal them, in God's full sight.

SIX QUESTIONS ABOUT THE SOUL

In queries, six, to the Savior, I inquired,
Of souls saved and the pure light desired.
He spoke of the unmoved, Spirit's descent,
Those worthy of grandeur, by grace, they're sent.

Evil purged, in their hearts, no room it finds,
Freedom from rage, from envy, the binds.
The flesh, a garment, they bear with grace,
Dreaming of a meeting, a timeless embrace.

Then I asked, what of souls untransformed,
Though Spirit's power on them be performed?
He answered, "Transformed, the Spirit brings
might,
Without it, no strength, no enduring light.

Born into the world, the Spirit grows,
Soul strengthened, within its radiance glows.
Yet if the artificial spirit takes hold,
Into wickedness, it guides the soul, bold."

"What of souls after leaving the flesh?"
I inquired, seeking wisdom afresh.
"If strong," he smiled, "from wickedness they
flee,
Saved by the Incorruptible, eternally free."

"And those who know not their lineage true,
Whither go their souls, lost and askew?"
He spoke of burdens, and souls astray,
Chained by rulers, in prisons they stay.

Circling in cycles, bound by forgetfulness,

Freedom through knowledge, a journey to bless.
To perfection they strive, in wisdom find,
Saved from the prisons, in light, they're
enshrined.

"How does the soul shrink to enter anew?"
I asked, seeking truth in the words he'd strew.
"Guided by another, in the Spirit's sway,
Saved from rebirth, it finds eternal day."

"Lord, those who knew, yet turned away,
Where, then, their souls in the cosmic array?"
Demons of poverty, to a dire place they go,
No chance for repentance, in eternal woe.

Lastly, inquired, "Lord, whence this sprite of
artifice?"
He unveiled its origins, with knowledge's tender
device.
From shadows emerged, its secrets brought to
sight,
Revealing the genesis, in wisdom's radiant light.

THREE PLOTS AGAINST HUMANITY

The Mother-Father's mercy, a Holy Spirit's grace,
Through the Providence of light, the perfect race.

Raised above, the Archon sought to stifle thought,
Unknown mental prowess, his plan was caught.

With demons, he conspired, against Wisdom's might,
Each fornicated, birthing fate's dark blight.
Fate, a changing force, of demons' diverse kin,
Stronger than gods, it wove a world of sin.

From fate's cruel loom, emerged blasphemy,
Violence, forgetfulness, a dark symphony.
Weighty commandments, sins in heavy lines,
Creation, blind, ignorant of divine signs.

Imprisoned in forgetfulness, unaware of sin,
Bound by fate, the lord of all therein.
Yaldabaoth, in regret, planned a great flood,
But the light of Providence warned Noah, good.

Preaching to mankind, Noah spoke in vain,
Strangers to his truth, faced impending pain.
Hiding not in an ark, but in light's embrace,
The immovable race found shelter and grace.

Noah, wise in authority, faced the dark flood,
Yet the Chief Ruler, darkness, o'er all would hood.
Powers plotted strategy, demons to the daughters,
Failed in their mission to breed wicked waters.

A new plan conceived, an artificial sprite,

To impregnate souls, their dark delight.
Changing form, they deceived the women true,
Filled with darkness and a spirit askew.

Gold and silver, money's tempting hold,
Iron, metals, tales of desire unfold.
People, led astray, plagued by misery,
Growing old, no pleasure, a life of treachery.

Misled and blinded, truth they never found,
Enslaved from the world's foundation, bound.
Women were deceived, their hearts closed and hard,
In the grip of darkness, the world left scarred.

THE PROVIDENCE HYMN

Providence, I am, encompassing all,
Becoming as my children, answering the call.
From the dawn of time, my presence has been,
Wandering every road, the unseen, the unseen.

I am the wealth of light, the fullness' recall,
In the darkest abyss, through chaos, I stall.
Into the prison's core, my venture unfolds,
Foundations of chaos quake, as the tale unfolds.

Hidden from their evil, unrecognized,
I descend once more, Providence' guide.
Emerging from light, in the shadow's embrace,

The remembering of Providence, a divine grace.

Into the darkness, its innermost lair,
To fulfill my mission, with providential care.
The foundations quake, chaos threatens to spill,
Destruction looms, a destiny to fulfill.

Soaring to my roots, in the luminous sphere,
To preserve them all, in the light crystal clear.
Descend once more, into the realms below,
Light incarnate, in darkness, I bestow.

In the underworld's depth, my face shines bright,
Contemplating the end, their impending plight.
Into their prison, their mortal frame,
I cry out loud, awakening their dormant flame.

"Rise from your slumber, heed my call,
Awaken from depths, break free from the thrall."
Tears of bitterness, from the sleeper's eye,
"Who calls me? From where comes my hope, nigh?"

"I am pure light's Providence," I declare,
The thought of the Virgin Spirit, solace to bear.
Rise, remember, trace your roots to me,
The merciful guide, set your spirit free.

Guard against poverty, chaos, and binds,
Awaken, stay vigilant, as true light unwinds.
Rise from the depths, the underworld's chains,
Embrace the call, where providence reigns.

I lift him high, seal with light's pure flow,
Death's grip diminished, no power to bestow.
To the perfect realm, once more I ascend,
A tale complete, Providence, my friend.

CONCLUSION

“I've unveiled the secrets, let them now be scribed,
In hidden chambers, with caution, confide.
This mystery, the unmoved race's grace,
Guard it closely, in sacredness embrace.”

The Savior entrusted these words to John's care,
To write them down, a solemn affair.
“Beware,” He cautioned, with a stern command,
“Cursed is the one who betrays, the words on sand.”

In mystery, these revelations took their form,
Swiftly the Savior departed, like a fleeting storm.
John returned to his comrades, truth to unfold,
Sharing the sacred tale, the mysteries untold.

"Listen, my brethren," Christ's decree resounds,
Amen," said John, certainty profound surrounds.
Secrets of creation, now unveiled with care,
In whispered tones, a truth to declare.

The Christ's command, echoes through the air,
John declared, "Amen," with a reverent stare.
Creation's secrets, laid bare with grace,
In hushed whispers, truth finds its place.

THE END

TRIPARTITE TRACTATE

INTRODUCTION

In realms exalted, let our tale unfold,
Commencing with the Father, wise and bold.
The root of Totality, in grace profound,
From Him, our voices in awe resound.

From the Father's essence, the cosmos springs,
Emanations vast, in celestial wings.
A dance of aeons, a divine array,
In harmonious procession, they find their way.

Aeons in unity, their essence entwined,
Celestial tapestry by the Father designed.
From the first to the last, a cosmic song,
In the dance of aeons, where they belong.

Within the Eighth, harmonious and bright,
Aeons find repose, bathed in divine light.
Ineffable joy, celestial embrace,
As the harmony of the Eighth fills all space.

Now unveiled, creation's secrets untold,
A mystic journey, from chaos to gold.

Whispered tones reveal the cosmic plan,
As truth unfolds in the dance of every aeon.

THE FATHER

In realms beyond, where silence holds its sway,
The Father dwells, where endless echoes play.
Unbegotten, single, root divine,
In Totalities, his glory shall shine.

Immutable, unchanging, existence without end,
He's the source of life, a boundless, eternal friend.
No beginning, no end to his sovereign might,
He stands alone in the brilliance of eternal light.

Inscrutable greatness, wisdom's vast sea,
Incomprehensible, his depths are free.
No name captures truly his essence,
Transcending all, in infinite presence.

A tree, a root, with branches wide,
A Father, alone, in perfection abides.
No co-worker, no primordial form,
He creates without material norm.

No face, no form, beyond conception,
Ineffable, unknowable, pure perfection.
Mind cannot grasp, nor eye behold,
This Father of glory, stories untold.

Silent, he conceives himself in grace,
Beyond all seeing, in his sacred space.
His own mind, his own delight,
In boundless glory, pure and bright.

Transcending wisdom, above intellect,
Incomparable, his greatness unchecked.
He begets himself in ineffable grace,
A marvelous Son, in eternal embrace.

Ineffable, he glorifies and loves,
Silent concerning himself, as it behooves.
The Father, the Source, eternal and wise,
In the realm of silence, forever lies.

In his boundless glory, mysteries unfold,
A narrative of the Father wondrously told.
He exists in the silence, beyond all sound,
Ineffable, eternal, his wisdom profound.

In silence, he begets himself anew,
A manifestation of grace, forever true.
His greatness immeasurable, his wisdom vast,
In the silence, his eternal glory is cast.

A tree of life, with branches extending,
In the silence, the Father is transcending.
No mortal tongue can truly describe,
The eternal presence, the inscrutable vibe.

In his ineffable silence, a symphony plays,
A melody of glory that forever stays.
He is the Father, the unbegotten source,

In the realm of silence, his eternal force.

A source of light, in silence he rests,
In his wisdom, creation he divests.
No form, no face, no limits to his being,
In silence, the Father is forever freeing.

The Totalities arise from his grace,
In the silence, they find their place.
A divine dance in the realm unknown,
Ineffable mysteries, eternally sown.

THE SON AND THE CHURCH

In the realm where time has yet to begin,
The Father stands, unbegotten, alone therein.
A unity, a root, in perfection, sublime,
A source of life, existing beyond time.

A Son, too, arises in this eternal plane,
Firstborn and only, in a divine refrain.
Before all others, he claims his place,
A brother to himself, in infinite grace.

Mysterious, unknowable, his sacred fruit,
Revealed in sweetness, a gift to compute.
The Son, from the start, in glory shines,
With unexplainable power, he intertwines.

The Church, too, in this timeless space,

Exists before aeons, in divine embrace.
A unity with the Son, a brotherhood divine,
Innumerable offspring, a spiritual line.

The Son wonders at himself, with the Father near,
Glory, honor, and love, they mutually revere.
A mystery fixed, with no beginning, no end,
The Church, a multitude, in unity blend.

Illimitable kisses, in a cosmic dance,
The Church, the offspring, in eternal expanse.
Before the aeons, they stand united,
Holy spirits, by the Son, ignited.

Upon them, the Son and the Father repose,
Their essence entwined, as the story goes.
In the aeons of aeons, the Church is named,
Eternal, imperishable, in unity framed.

AEONIC EMANATIONS

In the vast expanse where aeons take flight,
The Church exists, bathed in eternal light.
A place beyond thought, ineffable and grand,
With properties and dispositions, the Father's command.

Procreations of aeons, innumerable and divine,
Begetting through properties, in a cosmic design.

Their association forms a glorious whole,
Towards the Son, their purpose unrolls.

In the hidden depth, the Father's thought prevails,
A spring of life, where unborn life hails.
Unseen, unknown, in a mysterious birth,
Seed-like, they exist, awaiting their worth.

Effortlessly, the Father brings forth all,
Like a child, a drop, a blossom's call.
Yet, he withholds, a divine pause,
To nurture, to grow, to perfect their cause.

In the thought of the Father, existence stirred,
A silent waiting, yet to be heard.
A gracious giving of form and name,
So they might know, seek, and exclaim.

The Son, a light for those born of the thought,
Full, complete, in glory, they sought.
Mingled with the Totality, a divine blend,
A partaking of essence, a union to transcend.

He who wears them, as they wear him,
Comprehensible to them, yet incomparable and dim.
A mystery unfolding, in hymns they sing,
Manifesting the ineffable, to the Eternal King.

Silences birth admirations, eternal generations,
Words spark emanations, spiritual vibrations.
Offspring of the mind, seeds of thought,

Roots of eternity, forever sought.

Voice, spirit, mind, and word unite,
In a dance of creation, in harmonious light.
No need for toil, desire guides the flow,
A pattern of existence, in the eternal glow.

The Father, exalted, unknown, unseen,
His greatness, a magnitude beyond the serene.
A silent power, inexhaustible and rare,
Ineffable, unnameable, beyond compare.

Stretching himself out, a foundation laid,
A dwelling place for the universe, arrayed.
He who sowed the thought for them to seek,
An unknown depth, a voice to speak.

Abundance of understanding, of seeking and knowing,
A revelation of the Father, forever growing.
Names in honor, traces of the divine,
A pattern of existence, a sacred design.

The Son, the formless form, the invisible face,
Body of the bodiless, an ineffable grace.
The mind of the inconceivable, the unutterable word,
The fountain, the root, the god, in whispers heard.

Light and love, providence and wisdom's embrace,
Breath, life, unity, in the eternal space.

All within the single one, in harmony they blend,
Never called by a single name, a mystery to comprehend.

Indivisible and innumerable begettings unfold,
Words and commands, a cosmic story told.
In the single name, all Totalities reside,
A revelation, a unified guide.

Incomprehensible powers, properties untold,
Each speaking in the single name, a tale to unfold.
A Son and form, known to the Father's eye,
Innumerable and indivisible, secrets to lie.

The multitude slowly revealed, not all at once,
Equality hidden, a divine chance.
The Son, the Totalities, each in their part,
A cosmic dance, a work of art.

AEONIC LIFE

In the aeons' realm, where endless life unfolds,
Emanations birthed, mysteries untold.
Roots, springs, fathers, to the Father they gave,
Glory, in unity, a harmonious wave.

A praise, a song from the pleromatic choir,
A congregation vast, one flame, one fire.

Individual honor, they did not seek,
In unity's power, they found what they speak.

First, they honored the Father as a whole,
A first-fruit of immortals, an eternal soul.
From living aeons, perfect and complete,
They left, full and perfect, in their cosmic seat.

A third glory emerged, independent and bold,
Each a father in power, a story to be told.
Perfect manifestations, full and grand,
Glorifying the perfect one, across the land.

Minds of minds, words of words, they became,
Elders, degrees, exalted, not the same.
Each with a place, an exaltation near,
Resting in glory, the sound they revere.

Eternally begetting in mutual aid,
Limitless emanations, a love cascade.
No envy from the Father, in their begetting,
For those who came forth, a continuous setting.

Father, god, Totalities, in unity they're found,
A cosmic dance, a harmonious sound.
Great names preserved, angels in the cosmos,
Yet, no resemblance to eternal forces.

A longing for discovery, for the perfect known,
Unimpeded agreement, in the aeonic zone.
The Father reveals eternally, yet in conceal,
A search for him, their fervent zeal.

Root impulses, a path laid clear,
Places on the journey, lessons to adhere.
Faith, prayer, and hope, firm and true,
Love, understanding, blessings, like morning dew.

By the Father's will, the unknown known,
The spirit breathes, seeking is sown.
A pleasant aroma, drawing them near,
To the ineffable sweetness, casting off fear.

Silent about glory, a great weight they bear,
Yet, renewed in ways inexpressibly rare.
Separated impossible, silent but aware,
Hidden in thought, the Father's glory they wear.

He revealed, though unspeakable is his name,
Through the spirit's trace, the seekers proclaim.
Silent about his form, nature, and might,
Yet, worthy of knowing through the spirit's light.

Names intermingled, harmonious and vast,
Speaking of him, the wealth of speech amassed.
Each aeon, a name, a property or power,
Innumerable, yet unified in this cosmic hour.

Emanation, not a cast-off, but an extension,
A process of unity, in divine intention.
Like a spring flowing, a root beneath trees,
An indivisible body, in moments and degrees.

Just as the aeon of Truth, a unity grand,

Divided into moments, a vast, cosmic strand.
In small and great names, honor it does receive,
A river of time, flowing, yet never to deceive.

THE IMPERFECT BEGETTING BY THE LOGOS

In the aeons' vast expanse, where life takes form,
Emanations birthed, a tale to be informed.
The third fruit, by will and wisdom guided true,
They sought not honor in the Totalities' view.

Not with agreement, nor with Totality's grace,
Nor with any but the exalted in the cosmic space.
Only if received, bestowed by the will,
A begetting, a renewal, a purpose to fulfill.

The Logos, a wisdom-bearer, in each thought,
Pre-existent potential, in wisdom, he sought.
By his will, they were produced, a wise decree,
A wise fruit, in free will's vast, boundless sea.

Intentions of the Logos, his will so pure,
A desire to bring forth perfection, the Father's allure.
He gave glory to the Father, a feat so grand,
Beyond possibility, yet done by his command.

Last in begetting, small in magnitude,
Magnanimously acting, in love he strewed.
Toward perfect glory, he set out to explore,
A Logos born from wisdom, from the Pleroma's core.

Father and Totalities withdrew, a cosmic plan,
Establishing limits, not comprehending the span.
Silent about the Father's incomprehensibility,
Speaking of the Logos's quest, a divine sensibility.

A Logos with a good intent, born from unity,
One, yet not from Totalities' fraternity.
Not from the one who brought them forth,
Yet, a Logos emerged, a cosmic birth.

This aeon sought to grasp the incomprehensible,
Give glory to the Father, the inexplicable sensible.
A Logos of unity, in wisdom he stood,
One who willed existence, as only he could.

Complete and unitary, the Logos stood tall,
Desiring the Father's glory, giving his all.
Those he wished to hold firmly, he begot,
In shadows and copies, a cosmic plot.

Unable to bear the light, he doubted, looked away,
A division, a turning, in self-doubt's array.
A Logos divided, forgetful of his light,
An ignorance of self, a cosmic night.

Self-exaltation led to a desire for comprehension,
Yet, he fell short, an incomplete ascension.
His self-doubt and division, a cosmic sickness,
An ailment from reaching the Father's thickness.

His exaltation and expectation became a firm plight,
Yet, he did not attain the glories, the Father's height.
Abandoned kin in the Pleroma's embrace,
Imaginary offspring, lost in the cosmic space.

As a perfect being emerged, weakness took hold,
A female nature, virility it foretold.
From the deficient, came those of his thought,
From perfection, he withdrew, to those he sought.

He left perfection, ascended to his kin,
A remembrance in the Pleroma, a memory within.
Those who ran on high, those who drew near,
Not barren, but bearing fruit, a cosmic frontier.

In shadows, copies, likenesses, they were born,
Products of arrogant thought, in vain they adorn.
Lacking reason, light, in a phantasmal flight,
A cosmic end mirroring the beginning's slight.

Greater, more powerful, more honored they claim,

Than the names assigned, shadows of cosmic fame.
In reflection, beautiful, like a copy's face,
A likeness to the exalted, in a cosmic embrace.

They believed themselves beings without a source,
Living in disobedience, their actions endorse.
A lust for power, a cosmic ambition,
Overcoming each other, in a vain coalition.

Likenesses of the exalted, a vain desire,
Superiority claimed, in the cosmic choir.
Thoughts not barren, offspring potential,
A host emerged, warriors, troublemakers, influential.

Disobedient beings, lovers of power they be,
A cosmic rebellion, a tale of apostasy.
Offspring, fighters, a cosmic strife,
From arrogant thought, they emerged into life.

THE CONVERSION OF THE LOGOS

In the realm where Logos reigns supreme,
A cause of beings, yet in a troubled dream.
Perfection sought, but a defect found,
Division, tumults, disturbances abound.

Powerless, the Logos, in his own demise,
As his totality abandoned, exaltation denies.
Those born not knowing their Pleroma's source,
Ignorant of the cause, their cosmic course.

In instability, Logos faltered, unable to bring,
Emanations of the Pleroma, the celestial spring.
Feeble creations, hindered by their ill,
A likeness to the unity, a cosmic will.

Till judgment came, a condemnation true,
Struggling against destruction, a cosmic view.
Against the condemned, wrath pursued,
Yet, acceptance and redemption ensued.

Conversion, a turning from evil's snare,
Thoughts transformed, a cosmic repair.
The Logos prayed, remembered those above,
Father, brothers, Totality, all in love.

Prayer and remembering, powers untold,
A cosmic return, a story to unfold.
Powers greater, belonging not to the likeness,
But to the Logos, a celestial brightness.

Former beings, like forgetfulness and sleep,
Dreaming troubled dreams, illusions deep.
Others, seekers of the rising sun,
Sweet dreams ceased, their substance undone.

Though not equal, the Logos played a part,
Exalting the likenesses, a cosmic art.

Not from sickness but seeking the pre-existent,
He sowed in them a disposition, a thought consistent.

Harmony and love, through the cosmic thought,
Unity and unanimity, the fabric sought.
Stronger in lust for power, the second birth,
More honored than the first, their cosmic worth.

The first, not humbled, self-originating claim,
Fighting for command, a cosmic aim.
Submerged in forces, lust for power's plight,
Vain love of glory, blinding their sight.

The powers of thought, in the pre-existent's works,
Harmony, but war with the likeness lurks.
Orders clash, representations fight,
Wrath and violence, a cosmic plight.

Envy and desire, ignorance prevailing,
Empty matters and powers, their might unveiling.
Amidst the chaos, the Logos' mind revealed,
A revelation of hope, cosmic fate unsealed.

THE EMANATION OF THE SAVIOR

In realms unseen, the Logos, a beacon of hope,

Moving with expectation, toward an exalted scope.
From shadows, he departed, for they resisted his reign,
An army of thought, in unity, his fellowship gained.

Within the exalted boundary, a defective one lay,
Invisible, he was brought forth in a mysterious way.
The light of lifegiver, from above did shine,
A fruit of brotherly love, a plan divine.

Stumbling aeons, not of their own,
Carefully, sweetly, the defect was shown.
A lesson in non-malice, instruction in grace,
To eliminate defects, strength from the Pleroma's embrace.

The Logos, an intercessor, for the defective's plea,
Prayers joyously answered, in harmonious glee.
A gathering of aeons, with a wish sincere,
Aid from the Father, for the defective's sphere.

Harmony, joyous willingness, a cosmic dance,
A fruit of agreement, a begetting chance.
A revelation of union, the Logos' beloved Son,
A garment of perfection, the work begun.

Savior, Redeemer, the Well-Pleasing One,
Beloved, Christ, Light of those appointed, the Son.

Names bestowed upon him, positions he assumed,
A cosmic tale in which he bloomed.

The aeons generated their own countenance fair,
An army for the king, in celestial air.
Multifaceted forms, a cosmic sight,
To aid the defective, in brotherly light.

The fruit of agreement, subject to the Totalities' might,
Within the Logos, pre-existing, in perfect light.
The universe organized, by the Father's decree,
Revealed within the Logos, a cosmic mystery.

Before the sightless one, the Logos did stand,
Instructing him about the search for vision grand.
Perfecting in ineffable joy, a cosmic grace,
Sowing knowledge in an invisible space.

A word destined for understanding profound,
Power to cast out disobedience, in wisdom crowned.
A sudden revelation, an end to entanglement dire,
The light striking, a celestial fire.

To those who came into being, a form revealed,
A sudden flash, the cosmic order unsealed.
A revelation that struck with fearsome might,
The beings of likeness trembled, lost in the cosmic night.

Afraid, they fell into Outer Darkness' abyss,
Chaos, Hades, the Abyss, where shadows kiss.
The unspeakable darkness, theirs to rule,
A role assigned for the cosmic tool.

The revelation differs, to the defective and the yet-to-be,
To the former, a slow unfolding, a cosmic decree.
Within, a vision enjoyed, a gradual ascent,
To the latter, a sudden glimpse, a cosmic event.

THE PLEROMA OF THE LOGOS

When the Logos, once defective, found the light,
His Pleroma emerged, dispelling the night.
Untangling from those who had stirred his unrest,
He humbled the disobedient, bringing them to rest.

Stripped of arrogance, mingling with the Rest,
The Logos rejoiced, his brothers' visit blessed.
He gave thanks for aid, escaped the revolt,
Admired those who appeared, their greatness exalted.

Manifest images, living visages fair,
A likeness to the good, in beauty they share.

Yet unequal in truth, not in agreement sown,
Wisdom and knowledge, the Logos did own.

Gratitude professed for the beauty unveiled,
The Logos, through aid, his mission detailed.
For stability and good, a cosmic plea,
Praying for the organization of those from him
set free.

In chariots, they rode through realms below,
Assigned their places, cosmic order to show.
Destruction for the likeness, a cosmic dance,
Beneficence for thought, a revelation's trance.

A countenance of the Father, a garment of grace,
Food for the Logos, as he prayed in that space.
Glorifying and honoring, looking to his prayer,
Perfecting through images, a celestial affair.

Mutual assistance, hope in the promise,
Joy, abundant rest, in the cosmic abyss.
Remembered at first, now in chariots they soar,
In hope and faith, a vision they adore.

The Logos set in stability, ruler over all,
Aeon, Place, Synagogue of Salvation's call.
Storehouse of rest, Bride of joy,
Kingdom, the Joy of the Lord to employ.

With the light, recompense for the good,
The thought of freedom, in cosmic brotherhood.
Above the two orders, beyond dominion's fight,

The aeon stands, untouched by weakness and
plight.

Perfect in joy, a form of matter it bore,
An image of the Pleroma, a celestial lore.
Countenance of the revealed one, in sincerity,
Essence, power, and form, in cosmic clarity.

A word for speaking, wisdom's perfection,
An image of faces, a divine reflection.
Fathers who gave life, in harmonious assembly,
A Church formed, a divine, celestial remedy.

In the image of light, perfection they find,
Though inferior, a unity of a kind.
Each with its power, mingling in accord,
Passions born, yet part of a cosmic horde.

Premature births, not of Pleroma's consent,
But necessary for the organization's event.
They pass through places below, each in its time,
Perfecting all things, a cosmic paradigm.

The Logos, the visionary of past, present, and to
be,
Entrusted with the organization, cosmic decree.
Seeds guarded for a mission yet to unfold,
By the Savior's coming, the cosmic story told.

THE ORGANIZATION

From prayer's echo, conversions unfold,
Some to perish, others favored, stories to be told.
The disobedient, punished by the power revealed,
Separate from the exalted, the Logos' plan sealed.

Below and apart, the one who's named,
Prepares the organization, each to be framed.
Logos establishes, a basic principle and cause,
Ruler of all that emerged, creation's applause.

Pre-existent images in glory, he forms,
Paradise, Enjoyment, Joy in celestial norms.
Preserving the goodness in the Pleroma's light,
He beautifies the kingdom, a city pure and bright.

Brotherly love and generosity's embrace,
The Logos establishes, a harmonious space.
The assembly of the Church, in this sacred place,
Glorifies the Father with divine grace.

Faith and obedience, born of hope's gleam,
The Logos brings forth, in the light's esteem.
Disposition follows, with prayer and supplication,
Forgiveness bestowed, a divine revelation.

Spiritual places in power's embrace,
Separate from beings of thought, in a celestial race.
Representation of the Pleroma they bear,
Humble beings of thought, a bond they share.

Conversion humbles toward beings of thought,
The law bows down, judgment to be sought.
Power separates those who fall,
Preserving the order, a cosmic call.

Names bestowed on each, a cosmic game,
Right Ones, Psychic, Fiery, Middle, Left in fame.
Humility and separation, their essence defined,
A dance of orders, in the cosmic mind.

Logos keeps the aeon pure, joyous and bright,
A haven for images, a celestial light.
To beings of thought, the thought revealed,
Drawing them into a union, a cosmic field.

For likeness, the word of beauty is set,
Forming them, the law of judgment they get.
Powers of lust for power rule their might,
Preserving order, Logos' plan in sight.

Agreement in lust for power, Logos knows,
Each granted their desire, the cosmic shows.
Ranks assigned, each in its place,
Commanders and subordinates, a cosmic grace.

Angels and archangels in cosmic array,
Kingship and commands, ruling the cosmic way.

Above them all, an Archon supreme,
The countenance of the Logos, a cosmic dream.

Father, god, and demiurge in his reign,
Adorned with honorific titles, a cosmic gain.
Used as a hand and a mouth in Logos' chore,
To beautify and prophesy, cosmic lore.

Spoken words become deeds, a cosmic play,
Pleased and rejoiced, the Logos has his say.
Invisible spirit moves, guiding his thought,
Towards the cosmic plan, a vision sought.

Spoken words become representations,
Spiritual places formed in celestial stations.
Engendered by Logos, seeds and spirit pure,
Descending to the realms, a cosmic cure.

Essence of "god" and "father" in Logos' plan,
Elements thought to be his own, a cosmic span.
Rest and punishment for obedience and strife,
Paradise, kingdom, all in the cosmic life.

Workers and servants in Logos' domain,
Assisting in deeds, echoing his name.
Images of light established in their place,
A celestial hierarchy, cosmic embrace.

After listening to lights' celestial theme,
Logos sets them over beauty, a cosmic dream.
Invisible spirit moves him, as a hand and mouth,
Administering order, threat, and fear, cosmic drouth.

Matter divided into three, a cosmic dance,
Strong powers in the first, arrogance's trance.
Lust for power's offspring, the middle array,
Ambition's dominion, cosmic play.

Envy's progeny in servile roles,
Commanding the extremities, cosmic goals.
Authoritative powers to act on matter,
A continuous existence, a cosmic chatter.

THE CREATION OF MATERIAL HUMANITY

In the flow of matter's elusive dance,
A cause unseen, through powers' advance.
Invisible forces beget and destroy,
A cosmic rhythm, a dance of joy.

Between the right and left, a thought takes root,
A power of begetting, a cosmic pursuit.
Projection of shadows, as a body casts,
Visible creations, the die is cast.

Roots of images, representations, and more,
Sprout from the thought's educational lore.
Teaching and forming, with careful grace,
Preparing for mankind's destined place.

Creation of mankind in Logos' plan,

Moved invisibly, a celestial span.
Perfected through Demiurge's might,
Angel servants crafting in the cosmic light.

Earthly man, a shadow's trace,
Cut off from Totalities, in a celestial space.
Prepared by right and left, each in their way,
Forms in existence, a cosmic display.

The Logos' creation, flawed and weak,
Forgetful, ignorant, in ways oblique.
Yet the first form, through the Demiurge's hand,
An offering to learn, to understand.

The Living Spirit, the Prophet named,
Breath of aeons, the Invisible proclaimed.
The living soul breathes life anew,
From the dead, ignorance withdrew.

Explain the soul, the first in human form,
From the spiritual Logos, a celestial norm.
The creator thinks it his, a misconception,
Sent down from substance, a divine connection.

The left brings forth their own, a semblance true,
Likeness of being, in hues they strew.
Spiritual substance, single and rare,
Weakened in forms, a cosmic affair.

Psychic substance, a double design,
Knowledge and confession, in thoughts aligned.
Inclined to good, the psychic grace,
The weakness of matter, a varied space.

The first human, a mixed creation's mold,
A deposit of left and right, stories unfold.
A divided attention, between two substances fair,
A threefold paradise, a garden rare.

The noble elect substance, exalted and bright,
Created, not wounded, a celestial light.
A command issued, a threat of danger near,
Death's shadow cast, a cosmic fear.

Enjoyment of evil, a taste allowed,
From the tree with double fruit, disallowed.
Forbidden from the tree of life,
Honor withheld, guarded from strife.

The serpent, cunning, in the shadows lurk,
Leading man astray, in desires' murk.
Transgress the command, the serpent's plea,
Expelled from enjoyment, a cosmic decree.

The expulsion, a providential plan,
From likeness and representation, a cosmic span.
Short time until man finds his rest,
Eternally good, in realms blessed.

A plan ordained, as man transgressed,
Death ruled, in its dominion, man oppressed.
Deprived of knowledge, in darkness dwell,
Awaiting the good, in eternal swell.

Through transgression, death's cruel reign,

But in the cosmic plan, a greater gain.
Life eternal, knowledge firm and true,
The first man's fall, a cosmic cue.

THE VARIETY OF THEOLOGIES

When both orders, right and left,
Meet in thought's web, of truth bereft.
Their deeds, alike in emulation,
A cosmic dance, a strange fixation.

The evil order, in folly's sway,
Commits deeds dark, in shadows play.
The wise, in semblance, follow suit,
As men of violence, their deeds pollute.

At times, the foolish strive for good,
The hidden order, misunderstood.
Philosophies clash, a chaotic scene,
Opinions, theories, in the cosmic sheen.

Some claim providence guides the dance,
Stability and conformity enhance.
Others deem it something alien,
Diverse, lawless, powers in rebellion.

Destiny's hand, some argue, controls,
Nature's course, as the story unfolds.
Self-existent, a notion held,
Yet the majority in ignorance dwelled.

Wise Greeks and barbarians, their tales,
Of powers imagined, where wisdom pales.
Mutual conflict, arrogance, and thought,
Deceived by likeness, truth is sought.

Caught in self-fighting, a cosmic strife,
Philosophy, medicine, logic's life.
No agreement in thought's vast sea,
Ineffability reigns in the mystery.

Hebrew writings by hylics scribed,
Greeks' fashion, as they described.
Powers moved them, a cosmic theme,
Confused powers, in the shaping dream.

They reached the order of the unmixed,
Unity established, the Father's fixed.
Visible angels unable to see,
A wisdom cloaks it, in mystery.

The righteous ones and prophets true,
Spoke not in imagination's hue.
By the power within, they conveyed,
Listening to truths, in them displayed.

Unified harmony in their voice,
Preserving the connection, a divine choice.
Confession of the exalted one,
Greater than they, the spiritual Son.

Begotten in hope and expectation,
An illuminating word's proclamation.

Thought's offspring, emanations bright,
Confession and testimony, in the divine light.

Seeds of prayer and searching sown,
Drawing hearts to the exalted one.
Proclaiming unity, a cosmic tether,
A vision and words that blend together.

Wise visionaries who spoke,
Not through imagination, but truth bespoke.
Unified in thought, in vision's glare,
No difference in words, a cosmic air.

Interpreting scriptures, altered view,
Many heresies among the Jewish crew.
Some claim one God, in ancient lore,
Others say many, opinions galore.

God simple or linked with good and ill,
Creator or angels, varied still.
Multitude of ideas, diverse and wide,
Forms and types scripture do provide.

Prophets, not their own accord,
Spoke of what they'd seen and heard.
Proclaiming the Savior's coming day,
The main subject, their cosmic display.

The Savior speaks through prophet's lips,
Favor to those who knew not the scripts.
Not in unity do prophets agree,
Each speaks from a unique decree.

Not knowing whence or by whom,
The Savior comes, in cosmic tune.
He alone, worthy of speech,
The one to be begotten, the one to reach.

His eternal nature, unbegotten, pure,
A cosmic truth, the prophets obscure.
Flesh appearing, a mystery's tale,
A production from the Logos' trail.

From all, they claim its genesis,
Yet, foremost from the Logos, the blessed.
Conceived at the revelation of light,
In flesh, the Savior takes his flight.

Not a seed of things that be,
Begotten at the end, eternally.
Entrusted instruments for life's embrace,
Descending through realms, a cosmic grace.

His Father alone, truly a father be,
Invisible, unknowable, in mystery.
God in will and form, sole and grand,
Seen, known, and comprehended, by his hand.

THE INCARNATE SAVIOR AND HIS COMPANIONS

In willing compassion, our Savior came,

For their sake, manifest, in suffering's flame.
Flesh and soul, eternally bound,
With corruptible things, in death, they're found.

The invisible One, to them, taught,
Of himself, invisibly, wisdom brought.
Death of those he took upon,
Their smallness embraced, a mercy won.

Conceived and born as an infant pure,
In body and soul, a life to endure.
Exalted in birth, from glorious vision,
Without sin or stain, a divine decision.

Born from the Logos, unchanging thought,
A return to self, from the vision sought.
Former and latter, in passion's sway,
Moved by the Logos, in the grand display.

One came from those mentioned before,
Exalted in the flesh, a mystery to explore.
Emanation, mingling with the Savior,
Their bodily form, a divine favor.

Spiritual substance, one in kind,
Different in organization, a cosmic bind.
Passion and division, they emerge,
Needing healing, a spiritual surge.

Apostles and evangelists, from prayer,
Healing the sick, a mission rare.
Disciples and teachers, in need of guide,
Sharing in passions, by fate, tied.

The Savior, an image of unity's grace,
Preserving form, from indivisibility's embrace.
They, images of manifest things,
Division assumed, beneath heaven's wings.

Sharing in the evil, in earthly domains,
Held under sin, mercy's reign.
Life's giver, appointed, in divine decree,
All in need of salvation, a cosmic plea.

Grace bestowed, honors proclaimed,
Suitable for Jesus, in the story named.
Seed of the promise, Jesus Christ,
Revelation and union, a cosmic tryst.

The promise held instruction and return,
To their essence, from which they yearn.
A drop of redemption, a captive's release,
Freedom from ignorance, knowledge's peace.

Brought forth in lowly, vain thought,
Drawn to evil, a passion sought.
Freedom granted, by abundant grace,
Children looked upon, in mercy's space.

Disturbance of passion, destruction near,
Cast off from the Logos, crystal clear.
Destined for destruction, yet allowed to be,
Useful in the cosmic plan, ordained decree.

THE TRIPARTITION OF MANKIND

In threefold essence, mankind takes its form,
The spiritual, the psychic, and material norm.
Conforming to the Logos' tripartite sway,
Material, psychic, and spiritual, a cosmic
display.

Unknown till the Savior's radiant light,
Upon the saints, revealing their true sight.
The spiritual race, like light from light,
Ran to the head, knowledge in revelation's flight.

A body of the head, in unity found,
Knowledge revealed, in wisdom's surround.
The psychic race, like light from fire,
Hesitated, faith a hesitant desire.

Voices instructed, sufficient in tone,
Not far from hope, a pledge of the unknown.
The material race, alien in every way,
Shunning the light, in darkness they stay.

Complete salvation for the spiritual race,
Destruction for the material, a cosmic embrace.
Psychic, the middle, both good and ill,
Departure appointed, escape with skill.

Those of the Logos' first element born,
Salvation sudden, from the grace they've sworn.
Angels and men, from exalted thought,

Salvation complete, in redemption sought.

From the thought of lust, mixed and sown,
End received suddenly, from evil they've
known.
Lust for power, a time-bound gift,
Those who serve, to the Lord uplift.

Pride and ambition, temporary glory adore,
Forgetful of periods, entrusted with power.
Judgment for ignorance, senselessness to blame,
Suffering endures, for those who turn from the
flame.

Those who said, "We shall rule the universe,
If the proclaimed king is slain," in pride
immersed.
Men and angels, not of the right,
In their plot against the Lord, embraced the
night.

Choosing temporary honor, path to their doom,
Eternal rest through humility's bloom.
Confession of the Lord, in the church's song,
Share in her sufferings, where they belong.

Men and angels from the order of the left,
Denying the Lord, in hatred they're deft.
Plotting against the Church, envy and disdain,
For this, condemnation, their path to pain.

THE PROCESS OF RESTORATION

In realms unseen, the election takes form,
A bridal chamber of unity, the norm.
Christ comes for her before each place,
The calling rejoices, a joyous embrace.

The place of calling, an aeon of images' grace,
Where Logos hasn't yet joined the Pleroma's face.
In hope, the Church separates spirit, soul, and frame,
A unity within, yet all one and the same.

Redemption proclaimed, the perfect man knows,
Hastening back to unity, where true essence flows.
Members seek instruction, in places adorned,
Resembling images, their knowledge adorned.

Mirror-like reflections, archetypes in view,
Until all unite in Pleroma's hue.
A concord with the Father, a mutual song,
Totalities reveal their faces strong.

The restoration comes, at the end of time,
Totalities reveal the Son, sublime.
The redemption path, to the incomprehensible Father,
Return to the pre-existent, redemption's bother.

Not just escape from left or right's dominion,
But an ascent to Pleroma, the ultimate opinion.
Angels, image, aeons seek redemption's kiss,
A journey to the silent realm of bliss.

The Son himself, the redeemer of all,
Needed redemption, his humble call.
Becoming man, he gave himself for the Church,
Redemption's light, a universal search.

The Father's foreknowledge, wisdom's play,
A deficiency for glory, in a time-bound display.
Hidden wisdom keeps knowledge till the end,
Totalities weary, seeking a celestial friend.

A revelation of ignorance and its pains,
To experience the Father's unknowable gains.
Forethought of those to attain good things,
Experience evil, as wisdom sings.

Change and renunciation, adornments to wear,
A path to good things, a journey rare.
Knowledge bestowed, called "the knowledge of all,"
A revelation of thoughts, an immortal call.

Baptism, a garment, a truth confirmed,
An unwavering grasp, in faith affirmed.
Silence and bridal chamber, tranquil and united,
Light that doesn't set, but leaves souls ignited.

Eternal life, immortality's claim,

A pleasing, faultless, inseparable name.
Baptism, the eternal, the simply divine,
Beyond every word, voice, and every line.

Transcending realms, a visage grand, divine,
Known to souls who comprehend, glory in the line.
Ineffable presence, beyond mortal sight,
Grasped by hearts with wisdom's pure light.

REDEMPTION OF THE CALLING

In the tapestry of divine design, we delve,
A saga unfolds, in verse, we shall tell,
The redemption of the calling, a tale to unveil,
In quatrains woven, let the mystic story swell.

From the Logos, beings emerged in varied light,
Some from judgment, wrath, others from hope so bright,
Those of the calling, known as the right,
In grace's dance, they found their flight.

Salvation's whisper reached the ears of those who sought,
A symphony of faith, a melody finely wrought,
They abandoned gods, once in worship sought,
To Christ, the unknown God, their allegiance brought.

In flesh, he appeared, a revelation profound,
Even as a child, his preaching did resound,
When entombed, angels believed, life he had found,
A child, yet Lord, with glory all around.

Desiring services and wonders in the temple's might,
The confession through approach, a testimony's light,
In their preparation, their faith took flight,
To Christ, their Savior, their hearts alight.

They believed in him, the Son so divine,
Confessed his Lordship, in unity entwined,
Upon his assumption, their kingdoms resigned,
He, their true Lord, supremely enshrined.

Grace bestowed upon them, service and test,
For the elect, they bore iniquity's crest,
Through sufferings, persecutions, they progressed,
The Church, in remembrance, deems them blessed.

The servants of the evil, in their realm confined,
Yet the Church, with grace, holds them in mind,
As friends, faithful servants, with a purpose defined,
In the grandeur of the bridal chamber, their goodness shined.

Expectations of the Father of the Totality,

Angels as guides and servants in joyful unity,
Pleasant thoughts, services in eternity,
A requital granted for their fidelity.

Eternal dwelling places, for humankind,
Freedom from the allure of the defect, they find,
Pulled by the Pleroma, their spirits entwined,
In the sweetness of the aeon, pre-existent,
enshrined.

The nature of their begetting, a radiant light,
Christ's will exalted the Church in divine height,
A thought for those, in goodness, so bright,
The change, the essence of those who've changed
their sight.

In the grand finale, a proclamation divine,
The great amnesty, through the trumpet's sign,
From the beauteous east, in the bridal chamber's
shrine,
Love's sweet surrender, through all generations
entwined.

Thus concludes the mystic tale so grand,
In quatrains, we've woven, a narrative strand,
Of redemption and grace, a celestial band,
A hymn to the Father, in His love, we stand.

THE END

THE GOSPEL OF TRUTH

CHAPTER 1

The Gospel of Truth, a celestial song,
Joy to those who seek, to the truth belong,
From the Father of truth, a gift bestowed,
To know Him through Logos, the divine code.

From the Pleroma's realm, the Logos descends,
In the Father's thought, His purpose attends,
Savior, his title, redemption his quest,
For those who, in ignorance, the Father missed.

The name of the gospel, hope it unveils,
A beacon for seekers, as truth prevails,
In the vast expanse, the All did seek,
From the origin, where all answers peek.

Within the ineffable, the All did dwell,
Illimitable, inconceivable, beyond words to tell,
Better than thought, a celestial well,
The origin of all, where mysteries swell.

In the grand tapestry of cosmic grace,
The Logos emerges, a radiant embrace,
His task, redemption, a divine chase,

To guide the lost to the Father's embrace.

With every line, the gospel unfolds,
A narrative of truth, in verses bold,
Logos, the bridge, the story's stronghold,
A saga of seeking, in the celestial fold.

The Father's gift, knowledge profound,
Through Logos, truth's symphony resounds,
In the Pleroma's embrace, hope rebounds,
The seekers find what the All surrounds.

The Gospel of Truth, a beacon of light,
Guiding the lost through the cosmic night,
Logos, the Savior, in radiant might,
Unveils the path to the Father's sight.

Hope, the manifestation, revealed so clear,
As seekers journey, drawing near,
To the origin, the source, the frontier,
The Gospel's message, the truth to revere.

In the thought and the mind of the Father,
The Logos dances, in celestial gather,
A tale of redemption, a journey rather,
For those who seek, in truth, to gather.

CHAPTER 2

So unfolds the Gospel, in verses divine,
A cosmic narrative, where mysteries entwine,
Logos, the guide, in radiant shine,
Leads the seekers to the truth's design.
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CHAPTER 4

In ignorance, the Father veiled by night,
Terror and fear emerged, a shrouded blight.
Dense as fog, the veil of unseen might,
In the shadow's grasp, truth took its flight.

Error, potent, in the obscurity bred,
Hylic substance to vanity wed,
Fashioned in power, in beauty it spread,
Yet, truth stood unyielding, its brilliance not misled.

The illimitable, inconceivable One,
Not humbled by shadows, by veils spun,
Terror, forgetfulness, figures of none,
Against established truth, they weighed as none.

As shadows danced, their formless parade,
Truth, unwavering, in beauty arrayed,
Unchanging, unperturbed, it stayed,
A beacon in the dark, undismayed.

The tumult of ignorance, a tempest's roar,
Veils the Father, unseen forevermore.
Yet, truth persists on an eternal shore,
A radiant beacon, an ever-open door.

Terror, like a dense and clinging mist,
Obstructs the vision, truth to resist.
Yet, truth, untouched, by shadows kissed,
Prevails, unyielding, in brilliance persists.

Error, in vain, on hylic substance toiled,
In its crafted form, truth was coiled.
Yet, truth, unblemished, unrecoiled,
In beauty and power, eternally foiled.

The illimitable One, beyond compare,
Not diminished by the shadows' snare.
Terror, forgetfulness, in empty air,
Before truth's majesty, none could bear.

For truth stands tall, an enduring tower,
Unchanging, unperturbed, in its power.
Against the shadows, a radiant flower,
The illimitable One, truth's eternal dower.

In the dance of shadows, a fleeting show,
Truth remains, an unwavering glow.
Against the backdrop of the shadows' throw,
The illimitable One, truth does bestow.

So, ignorance may shroud the Father's face,
But truth endures in its sacred grace.
Unyielding, unperturbed in every trace,
The illimitable One, truth does embrace.

CHAPTER 5

In realms of error, shadows play their part,
Yet, take not error too close to heart.
No root it has, a fog that seeks to start,
Works and forgetfulness, a deceptive art.

Within the fog, a plan did error weave,
To cloud the minds, the middle to deceive.
With works and fears, its captives to achieve,
In the Father's shadow, it sought to conceive.

The forgetfulness of error, veiled and deep,
In the Father's light, it could not keep.
Yet, it existed, a secret held in sleep,
Knowledge in the Father's realm would sweep.

For in the Father's essence, knowledge thrives,
A revelation to free forgetful lives.
Destroying shadows, truth eternally arrives,
To know the Father, forgetfulness survives.

This gospel unfolds, a sought-after tale,
Revealed to the perfect, a mystery unveiled.
Through the Father's mercy, the story hailed,
In Jesus Christ, the truth has set sail.

Through him, enlightenment in darkness gleams,
A path to traverse, a bridge of dreams.
The truth he imparts in wisdom streams,

In forgetfulness, the Father's light redeems.

Angry, error rises, its fury takes flight,
Persecuting truth, attempting to smite.
Distressed by wisdom, seeking to incite,
On the cross, truth stands, a relentless fight.

Nailed to timber, a symbol of grace,
A fruit of knowledge, in a sacred space.
Not to destroy, but to reveal the trace,
Joyful discovery, in truth's embrace.

He who ate of this knowledge divine,
Found joy in the truth, a radiant sign.
For the knowledge of the Father aligns,
In discovery's dance, redemption shines.

The cross, not a defeat, but a victory grand,
A path to wisdom, a truth to understand.
In the Father's light, shadows disband,
A gospel of joy, echoing through the land.

CHAPTER 6

In the boundless expanse, the Father profound,
Inconceivable, in Himself, wisdom unbound.
Maker of All, where every essence is found,
The All is in Him, yet His fullness they've not crowned.

Not in jealousy does the Father reside,
With His members, a union does abide.
The Aeon, though perfect, could not coincide,
With the Father's perfection, in Him, they bide.

He orders the All, in His presence they dance,
Their lacking perfection, He holds in advance.
Not a jealous creator, in a divine trance,
He desires they know Him, in love's sweet romance.

A guide in silence, in leisure, He's near,
In the school of existence, His Word does appear.
Wise ones, testing Him, filled with veneer,
Empty-headed, discredited, their judgment unclear.

Hated by those who falsely deem they're wise,
In the face of truth, their intellect denies.
Then came the children, with innocent eyes,
Possessing knowledge, a treasure in disguise.

As they grew, the secrets of the Father's face,
Taught to those with hearts in wisdom's embrace.
Known and knowing, a divine grace,
In their hearts, the living book takes its place.

The Living's book, in the Father's mind inscribed,
Before the All, in that realm, described.
A narrative of love, in His wisdom, subscribed,

Incomprehensible, in His essence, imbibed.

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Inconceivable, in Himself, wisdom unbound.
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The All is in Him, yet His fullness they've not crowned.

Not in jealousy does the Father reside,
With His members, a union does abide.
The Aeon, though perfect, could not coincide,
With the Father's perfection, in Him, they bide.

He orders the All, in His presence they dance,
Their lacking perfection, He holds in advance.
Not a jealous creator, in a divine trance,
He desires they know Him, in love's sweet romance.

A guide in silence, in leisure, He's near,
In the school of existence, His Word does appear.
Wise ones, testing Him, filled with veneer,
Empty-headed, discredited, their judgment unclear.

Hated by those who falsely deem they're wise,
In the face of truth, their intellect denies.
Then came the children, with innocent eyes,
Possessing knowledge, a treasure in disguise.

As they grew, the secrets of the Father's face,

Taught to those with hearts in wisdom's embrace.
Known and knowing, a divine grace,
In their hearts, the living book takes its place.

The Living's book, in the Father's mind inscribed,
Before the All, in that realm, described.
A narrative of love, in His wisdom, subscribed,
Incomprehensible, in His essence, imbibed.

In the mystic tome, a treasure concealed,
Reserved for the one to whom it's revealed.
Unattainable, locked, its secrets concealed,
Until the destined moment, life's fate is sealed.

None could manifest salvation's decree,
Till the book emerged, setting knowledge free.
Patient in suffering, Jesus, full of mercy,
He knew his demise meant life's grand decree.

Like an unopened will, the master's fortune veiled,
In the hidden All, where the Father prevailed.
Jesus, the revealer, against the cross impaled,
Affixing the edict, cosmic truths unveiled.

Profound teachings in humility's embrace,
He, eternal, wore mortality's frail lace.
Shedding perishable robes, a sacred space,
Cloaked in incorruptibility's embrace.

Entering the realm where fears are rife,

Past the forgetful, ignorant in life.
Knowledge and perfection in Christ are rife,
He proclaims the Father's secrets, rife.

The living, inscribed in the book's grand script,
Learn for themselves, in wisdom equipped.
In the heart of the Father, their journey is gripped,
Turning to Him, from ignorance, they're stripped.

To ascend to the Father, perfection's call,
Knowledge draws each, like a moth to the thrall.
He who's aware claims what's rightfully his, in thrall,
The ignorant, deficient, their fate in the fall.

The All ascends to the Father's grand seat,
Each claims their share, a destiny sweet.
Registered by Him, in wisdom's heartbeat,
Prepared for those from Him, in knowledge replete.

CHAPTER 7

In realms unknown, the Father's voice proclaimed,
Whose names He uttered, and His knowledge named.
For those unspoken, in ignorance they're framed,

To hear His call, His utterance claimed.

To remain in ignorance, the wretched fate,
Of forgetfulness, a perilous state.
Perishing with it, their destinies abate,
Without a name, in silence they oscillate.

Knowledge descends from realms above,
Called and answered, ascending with love.
Doing the Father's will, like stars above,
Rest is found, a name to prove.

Intoxicated by existence's illusion,
Yet turning back, a sober conclusion.
Restoring what's lost, a soul's transfusion,
Knowing whence and whither, in clear diffusion.

Many from error he did redirect,
Guiding them back, lost intellect.
From their own places, they were checked,
Returned by him, their minds resurrected.

A wonder profound, in the Father concealed,
Unknown to them, their fate was sealed.
Departing and erring, their ignorance revealed,
Yet the depth of the Father, they could not shield.

In him, they were, yet not comprehending,
His will unrevealed, in mystery pending.
Knowledge he disclosed, letters sending,
A living book, truth transcending.

Not mere vowels or consonants cold,
But truths revealed, in letters bold.
Pronounced in knowing, a story unfolds,
Conveying meaning, the Father's gold.

Wisdom meditates, the logos it bears,
Teaching expresses, truth it shares.
Honored with a crown, joy it declares,
Glory exalted, an image it wears.

Rest it attains, love takes form,
Encircling it, a divine norm.
Trust embraced, a comforting swarm,
The logos journeys, in radiant warmth.

Fruit of the heart, expression divine,
Supporting the All, a grand design.
Choosing forms, in purity align,
Returning to the Father's shrine.

Mother and Jesus, in sweetness profound,
The Father reveals, in love unbound.
Bosom of Spirit, where truths are found,
Hidden self emerges, a glory crowned.

Completing the incomplete, form fades away,
The world it served, in temporal play.
Envy and strife in incompleteness lay,
Unity brings completeness, a new day.

Ignorance dissolves when knowledge is near,
Light banishes darkness, crystal clear.
Incompleteness erased, unity draws near,

Form vanishes, unity's atmosphere.

Works scattered now, in time they'll complete,
Unity unfolds, each part discreet.
Understanding itself, knowledge's feat,
Diverse no more, unity to greet.

Through knowledge, diversity purifies,
Like fire devouring, darkness denies.
Life dispels death, the truth defies,
Unity reigns, where completeness lies.

CHAPTER 8

In the realm where shadows dance and phantoms play,
Ignorance held sway, confusing night and day.
The Father, unseen, in mystery concealed,
Fear and division, the truths unrevealed.

As if in dreams, they wandered through the night,
Illusions, confusion, and a lack of light.
The Logos, a two-edged sword unsheathed,
A disturbance among the dishes breathed.

In the heart of those who uttered the sound,
The Logos took form, a truth profound.
Some emptied, others filled, in divine accord,
A judgment, a sword, a heavenly reward.

Spaces shaken, disturbed, in disarray,
No composure or stability held sway.
Error troubled, lamenting its plight,
Knowledge approached, dispelling the night.

Emanations recognized truth's embrace,
They greeted the Father, a divine grace.
Power complete, joining with the source,
The Holy Spirit connecting the course.

Truth, the Father's mouth, revealed at last,
His tongue, the Spirit, a union unsurpassed.
Knowledge approached, abolishing error's plight,
Empty, error lamented, losing its fight.

Manifestation of the Father's grand design,
Revelation to Aeons, a truth divine.
Hidden self explained, the Father's embrace,
All spaces, his emanations, in perfect grace.

Children of a perfect man, they knew,
Yet unnamed and formless, the Father's view.
When knowledge forms them, unaware,
They lack knowledge of him, a truth so rare.

The Father, perfect, knows all within,
Reveals whom he desires, names begin.
Existence granted to those who know,
Form and name, in the Father's flow.

Those unborn, ignorant of their fate,

Existing when desired, a destined state.
The nonexistent, forever unseen,
Existence granted by the Father's sheen.

He whispers, "I am the shadows of the night,"
An illusion dispelled by morning light.
Fear and confusion, like troubled dreams,
Ignorance, discarded in awakening streams.

In dreams, they flee or lack the strength,
Inflict or receive blows, the dreams at length.
Falling or flying without wings to bear,
A dreamlike state, beyond compare.

Awakening, casting ignorance away,
Considered as dreams in the light of day.
Renouncing illusions, a dawn reborn,
Knowledge of the Father, the awakening morn.

As if awakening from a deep slumber,
Understanding dawns, a spiritual lumber.
Happy is he who comes to himself,
Blessed is the man who opens his eyes, oneself.

CHAPTER 9

Swiftly, the Spirit descended with grace,
Lifting the fallen, guiding to a new embrace.
Hand offered to the one lying prone,
Raising him up, to stand on his own.

Not yet had he stood, feet on the ground,
The Spirit, in haste, his strength had found.
To know the Father, knowledge they'd glean,
Revelations of the son, a truth unseen.

In the presence of the Beloved, they'd taste,
A fragrance sweet, their senses embraced.
He appeared, the Father, limitless and grand,
Inspiring minds with wisdom's gentle hand.

Doing the Father's will, in mind he spoke,
A light to many, hearts he awoke.
Yet material men, in blindness they trod,
Unseeing, unrecognized, the Son of God.

In flesh he came, incorruptible might,
A path revealed, in pure, divine light.
New words he spoke, from the Father's heart,
A faultless proclamation, a celestial art.

Through his mouth, light and life unfurled,
Thought and understanding, a merciful swirl.
Salvation's gift, Spirit's boundless flow,
He ceased the punishments, the scourgings' woe.

Mercy he granted to those led astray,
Breaking the chains, enlightening the way.
Mighty, he derided error's snare,
Destroyed the chains with knowledge rare.

A guide for the lost, knowledge profound,

A discovery for seekers, in wisdom they're bound.
Support for the trembling, a pure, sweet cure,
For the defiled, a cleansing, ever sure.

A shepherd, leaving ninety-nine behind,
Seeking the lost, with compassion entwined.
Rejoicing in finding the one astray,
Transferring the number, a new array.

Ninety-nine on the left, in its hold,
The found one shifted to the right, bold.
Completing the number, a hundred, divine,
Symbolic of the Father, in unity's design.

CHAPTER 10

On Sabbath, he toiled for the fallen sheep,
In the pit of despair, where shadows creep.
Saved its life, lifted from darkness deep,
Understanding Sabbath, in wisdom's keep.

A heavenly day, no night to claim,
A sun that rises, a constant flame.
Speak of this truth to those who aim,
For in understanding, you bear its name.

To those in error, in sin's embrace,
Speak of knowledge, reveal its grace.
For those who stumble, a steady pace,

Reach out to the sick, a healing trace.

Nourish the hungry, troubled ones ease,
Foster love in hearts, like gentle breeze.
Awaken those who in slumber freeze,
Encourage understanding, a cure that appease.

Turn your attention inward, profound,
Cast not your gaze on things around.
Reject what's dismissed, on solid ground,
Be not moth-eaten, let strength abound.

Destroy the devil, do not comply,
Reprehensible to strengthen a lie.
The lawless one harms himself, oh, my,
Do the Father's will, from Him you derive.

The Father is sweet, His will is pure,
Know that what's yours, He'll surely assure.
Rest in His knowledge, firm and secure,
By your fruits known, His love does endure.

His aroma lingers, a grace so divine,
A fragrance that in every place does shine.
Into rest, it ascends, a light's design,
From the grace of His countenance, you align.

Nostrils sense not, but the Spirit true,
Draws the aroma, in itself it strew.
The place for it, in the Father's view,
In the first aroma, cold and new.

In psychic form, like cold water's trace,

Softening soil, a mysterious embrace.
Breath taken, hot in the vast space,
Unity prevailing, division's erase.

God came, destroyed the divisive scheme,
Brought the Pleroma of love, a radiant beam.
No more the cold, in unity's dream,
Perfect Thought prevailing, in wisdom's stream.

CHAPTER 11

In the Gospel's verse, a tale unfolds,
Of Pleroma's finding, as prophecy foretold.
For those who await salvation from above,
When hope's embrace descends, like light and love.

Their likeness, a radiance without shadow's cast,
In the hour of waiting, the Pleroma vast.
Matter's deficiency, not the Father's decree,
His boundless essence, in the time to be.

No mortal tongue can fathom the divine,
As the depth of the Father continues to shine.
Error's thought finds no harbor in His grace,
A tale of falling and rising to find their place.

Repentance, the turning back from the fall,
Incorruption breathes, answers the call.
To the one who has sinned, seeking rest,

Forgiveness remains, in the Pleroma's quest.

As a physician hastens to cure the ill,
Grace descends to fill the deficiency still.
The sick, lacking, does not hide in shame,
For the physician holds what heals his frame.

A diminishing occurs where grace is not found,
The area of smallness, where lack is bound.
The Pleroma revealed, a light so true,
Shining towards them, unchangeable and new.

In their midst, troubled voices speak of Christ,
Seeking a return, anointing to be enticed.
The ointment, a symbol of the Father's grace,
Mercy bestowed on those who seek His embrace.

The anointed, perfect vessels filled,
For anointing leaves them divinely thrilled.
Yet the vessel, emptied when the rite is done,
Draws breath through His power, a unity won.

The deficient, filled by the perfect Father's hand,
Goodness abounds in His Paradise land.
Knowing His plantings, in the depth they rest,
Perfection in His thought, words of His bequest.

His reflection's words, each a work of will,
In the revelation of Logos, a purpose to fulfill.
In the depth of His mind, they silently reside,
Thought, the first to emerge, in grace does confide.

At the moment pleasing to the Father's will,
All unfolds, as His desire does instill.
Incomprehensible, His will's enigmatic hue,
A mark, unseen, yet guiding all we do.

God's will, an orchestrator, no event outside,
In His pleasure, the universe does abide.
Inscrutable, His will remains,
Known only to Him, where mystery reigns.

From the beginning to the end, His knowing gaze,
Questioning faces as the final hour plays.
The end, a recognition of the hidden One,
Returning to the Father, as the journey's done.

Manifest from Him they came to be,
In glory and joy, His name eternally.
His hidden ones, revealed in the grand scheme,
A dance of existence, a celestial dream.

CHAPTER 12

In the beginning, when the cosmos was young,
The Father named the Son, from his essence sprung.
A name, unseen, a mystery untold,
The Father’s secret, in the name, did unfold.

The Son, a beacon, from the Father's hand,
A name bestowed, a divine command.
The mystery, hidden, in the name's embrace,
An invisible bond, through time and space.

Who could pronounce this great and sacred name?
None but the Father, in His perfect claim.
The Son, His name, a gift beyond compare,
Invisible, yet known, a name to bear.

The Father's name, a treasure to behold,
Invisible, yet through the Son, it's told.
A name not borrowed, but His very own,
In the Son, the Father's glory is known.

The real name, authoritative and grand,
Not from lexicons or common name-land.
Invisible, known only to the One,
The Father, who gave the name to His Son.

The Son, His name, a profound decree,
Unuttered till the Father willed it to be.
A name spoken, a secret revealed,
In the Son's existence, its truth unsealed.

The Son, the name, the Father's goodness sung,
A journey to declare from whence he'd sprung.
Sent to speak of the place from which he came,
To glorify the Pleroma, the Father's name.

Each emanation speaks of its own root,
Striving to return, a sacred pursuit.

From the Father's thought, they extend their gaze,
Their root, their origin, in endless praise.

The Pleroma, a place of rest and grace,
Where emanations find their dwelling place.
Roots reaching upward to the Father's head,
Resting in glory, by His love they're led.

The blessed, who strain towards the perfect One,
In them, the Father and the truth are spun.
No envy, no death, in their perfected state,
Resting in Him, beyond time and fate.

In the Father's rest, they find their repose,
No weariness, no search for truth that grows.
They are the truth, in the Father they abide,
Perfect, inseparable, in love they confide.

Such is the place of the truly blessed,
Their dwelling in the eternal quest.
Resting in Him who is truly good,
Refreshed by the Spirit as they should.

In their place, let them know, it's not for me,
To speak of more in the place of eternity.
I devote myself to the Father of All,
To true brothers, on whom His love does fall.

In the midst of the perfect light's embrace,
Filled with the seed of the Father's grace.
His Spirit rejoices in the eternal life,
In the Pleroma, free from toil and strife.

Amen, amen, amen, let it resound,
In the place of the blessed, where truth is found.
Children of love, worthy of the Father's name,
In eternal life, they are all the same.

THE END

HYPOSTASIS OF THE ARCHONS

THE REALITY OF THE RULERS

In the realm of reality, where truth's spirits weave,
The great apostle warned, in words to believe.
"Dark authorities, not flesh and blood,
Wicked spirits reigning, a contest understood."

Their leader, blind in arrogance he stood,
Declared, "I am God," in a haughty mood.
His power, his ignorance, a toxic blend,
Samael, the blind, on pride would depend.

A voice from incorruptibility spoke with might,
"You're mistaken, Samael, in your claim of light."
Blinded, his thoughts in chaos twirled,
Expelled, his blasphemy unfurled.

Down to the abyss, in the depths he tumbled,
His mother, the abyss, where he humbled.
Pistis Sophia, with instigation keen,
Directed the course, in this cosmic scene.

Offspring established, each with its might,
Invisible to visible, realms taking flight.
A pattern divine, from above it descends,
In the tapestry of creation, the story extends.

In the realm of incorruptibility, waters glisten bright,
Her image reflected, a divine light.
Dark authorities, in enamored trance,
Yearned for her, but couldn't grasp, weakened by chance.

From above she came, in waters gleaming,
Incorruptibility's plan, in light redeeming.
Rulers plotted, "Create a man of earth,
Soil-formed creature, of humble birth."

Modeling with soil, their creature stood,
A blend of the earth, a body of wood.
Yet, incomplete, a female part,
With the visage of a beast, a peculiar art.

Taking soil, modeled after their kind,
In the image of God, in waters defined.
"Seize it," they cried, misunderstanding might,
Blinded by powerlessness, in their earthly plight.

Breathed into the form, a soul found rest,
Upon the ground, Adam lay, divinely blessed.
Storm winds blew, a persistent strife,
To capture the image, the essence of life.

By the father's will, this tale unfolds,

The spirit beheld as the scene unfolds.
From the Adamantine Land, spirit descends,
Within the man, a living soul it lends.

Adam, named as he moved on the ground,
A voice from incorruptibility, profound.
Rulers gathered creatures, an earthly clan,
To Adam, the namer, the naming began.

In Eden's garden, Adam, formed to be,
A guardian and keeper, a duty born free.
Rulers commanded, with a crafty twist,
"Of every tree, partake, but one, desist."

"Do not eat," they warned, "of good and ill,
Touch not its fruit, or death's grip fulfill."
Yet, veiled in their words, a subtle decree,
By the father's will, a secret decree.

Counseling together, rulers' scheme devised,
"Bring a sleep profound," they were advised.
A deep slumber, Ignorance's embrace,
Upon Adam, falling, the rulers trace.

As in a woman's womb, his side they cleave,
Opening life's portal, secrets to retrieve.
With flesh and form, the void to fill,
Adam, now with soul, by the rulers' will.

A spirit-clad woman approached the man,
Whose life she gave, a destined, divine plan.
"Arise, Adam," her voice embraced the air,
"Mother of the living," his grateful declare.

Authorities, observing, with unrest,
Witnessed the woman, their minds distressed.
Enamored, they sought to sow their seed,
Pursuing her form with a reckless greed.

Her laughter echoed, a scornful delight,
In their clutches, she became a tree in flight.
Leaving a shadowy reflection behind,
Defiled by their touch, to darkness assigned.

The female spirit, in a serpent's guise,
An instructor came, unveiling the wise.
"What did he say?" the serpent inquired,
Words twisted and tainted, truth transpired.

The carnal woman, in falsehood clad,
Twisted the truth that once made them glad.
"Not only 'Do not eat,' he warned with dread,
'Do not touch, or with death, you'll be wed.'"

The serpent, wise instructor in disguise,
Spoke, "Death won't claim you," he, with crafty eyes.
"Your vision broadened, gods you'll emulate,
Know good and evil, rise to a higher state."

The female wisdom left the serpent's guise,
A creature of the earth, in muted cries.
The carnal woman, drawn by desire,
Ate from the tree, stoking knowledge's fire.

In their nakedness, ignorance unfurls,

Figs leaves they bind, as modesty swirls.
The chief ruler arrived, his voice unclear,
"Adam, where are you?" in a tone severe.

Fearful and naked, Adam confessed,
"I hid from my nakedness, fear possessed."
"Why hide?" questioned the ruler in disdain,
"Did you eat forbidden fruit?" a curse to gain.

Adam pointed, "The woman, given by thee,
Shared the fruit, and I partook with glee."
The ruler, arrogant, cursed the woman too,
She, in defense, the serpent did accuse.

The snake, cursed, its shadowy reflection,
A form they modeled, a twisted connection.
Unknowing, they cast a curse in the air,
Till the all-powerful man would repair.

Expelled from Eden, Adam and his wife,
In cursed lands, they started a new life.
Toils and troubles would their days consume,
Distractions deep in worldly affairs loom.

Cain, their son, took to the fertile earth,
His hands tilling the soil, proving his worth.
Abel, a shepherd with his flock so meek,
Offered lambs to God, pure gifts to seek.

God, pleased with Abel's sacred devotion,
Cain's gifts, He rejected with stern emotion.
Envy poisoned Cain, brother turned foe,
Darkness brewing in his heart's shadow.

"Where is Abel?" God's question in the air,
Cain replied, "Am I his keeper, unaware?"
The echo of betrayal, a brother's disdain,
In the aftermath of Abel's lifeblood stain.

God's voice rang out to Cain, steeped in sin,
"Your brother's blood cries from Earth's
churning din.
You've sinned with words, a curse upon your
name,
Seven vengeances for any seeking your claim.

Groan and tremble upon this accursed earth,
Sevenfold the retribution for blood's dearth.
Your sin's return, echoing its refrain,
A life haunted, by vengeance, Cain's to sustain."

Adam knew Eve once more, a son she bore,
Seth emerged, a son to God they implore.
Pregnant again, Norea graced the scene,
A virgin untouched, by dark forces unseen.

As mankind flourished, rulers conspired,
Plotting a deluge, humanity required.
Yet the chief of forces warned Noah true,
Build an ark of unspoiled wood, he knew.

Norea sought the ark, denied by Noah's might,
She, with a breath, set the ark alight.
Noah rebuilt, a second chance bestowed,
Defying the rulers, in courage he stowed.

The rulers, cunning, sought Norea's sway,
Claiming her mother Eve had lost her way.
But Norea, wise, their falsehoods defied,
"Dark rulers, accursed," she boldly replied.

"Unknown to you, my lineage divine,
From realms above, not your dark design.
Eve, my mother, untouched by your flame,
Your female counterpart, in deceit, lays claim."

The ruler, arrogant, in darkness did dwell,
His visage turned black as a shadowed spell.
Presumptuous, he demanded Norea's aid,
Claiming her service, as Eve had obeyed.

But Norea, with might, defied his decree,
Raised her voice to God, cried out to be free.
A great angel descended from heavenly height,
"Bold daughter, why challenge the holy light?"

Norea questioned, "Who are you, divine being?"
The rulers withdrew, from Eleleth fleeing.
"I am Eleleth, wisdom's shining grace,
Sent to save you from the lawless' embrace."

Norea, struck by Eleleth's brilliant form,
His appearance, gold, like a radiant storm.
She marveled, unable to describe his might,
His face, a beacon, shining pure and bright.

Eleleth, the great angel, began to speak,
"I am understanding, light-giver unique.
One of four, in the great spirit's presence I stand,

None of these rulers can alter truth's strand.

They have no dominion over your true root,
In the final ages, truth will take its suit.
No defilement they bring to your sacred space,
Your abode in incorruptibility's grace.

Virgin spirit resides in realms above,
Superior to chaos, rulers cannot shove.
They, and their universe, are restrained,
In the light of truth, their power is chained."

Norea sought knowledge, asked the angel's lore,
"Tell me of these rulers, their genesis and more.
How did they come to be, by what creation's hand?
Who birthed them, from what material, and their force command?

In realms boundless, where incorruptibility lies,
The great angel Eleleth, understanding-wise,
Spoke to me of Sophia, Pistis by name,
Her desire to create, her celestial claim.

Alone, without consort, she wove her design,
A celestial thing in the heavenly line.
A veil parted realms, above and below,
Beneath it, shadow emerged, a cosmic show.

From the shadow, matter took its form,
A creation, veiled, in the celestial norm.
A fetus, aborted, in the cosmic dance,
Assumed a shape, a beast's arrogant stance.

Androgynous being, from matter it derived,
Its eyes opened wide, ambition revived.
"I am God," it proclaimed in arrogance grand,
Sin against the entirety, a fall in the cosmic land.

From above, a voice rebuked, "Samael, you're misled,"
'God of the blind,' the truth it said.
"If a thing exists before me, let it be shown!"
Sophia intervened, her light she'd known.

Stretching forth her finger, light pierced the dark,
Into chaos, she pursued, left a cosmic mark.
Returning to her light, darkness tried to reclaim,
A celestial dance, in the cosmic game.

In realms vast and limitless, a ruler stood,
Androgynous being, a cosmic brotherhood.
Contemplating creation, offspring he desired,
Seven androgynous kin, as his realm transpired.

"I am god of the entirety," he proclaimed,
Yet Zoe, Life's daughter, his claim defamed.
Breath turned fiery angel, in her might,
Bound Yaldabaoth, cast him into Tartaros' night.

Sabaoth, his offspring, witnessed this display,
Repented, condemned his parents' cosmic play.
Loathed his mother, sang praise to Sophia's grace,

Caught up by Zoe, in the seventh heaven's embrace.

A chariot of cherubim, four-faced and grand,
Angels, ministers, harps, and lyres at command.
Sophia and Zoe by his side did sit,
Teaching of realms in the eighth heaven's orbit.

The angel of wrath placed on his left,
Life and unrighteousness in realms cleft.
Life and death, a tale of envy spun,
From Yaldabaoth, the cosmic web begun.

Death engendered offspring, each to a heaven assigned,
Chaos filled with multitudes, an endless grind.
Father's will orchestrated this cosmic dance,
Patterned after realms above, in its expanse.

"There, learn of rulers' pattern, dark design,
Their origin, the matter they entwine.
Their universe, a tapestry of deceit,
A tale I share, this cosmic web replete.

But, sir, am I too born of their essence,
Entangled in their web, lost in pretense?"
"No, child of the primeval father's light,
Souls from above, truth's shield, shining bright.

The authorities can't draw near this kin,
For truth's spirit dwells, guarding from within.
In midst of mortal men, deathless they stay,
Hidden, veiled, their nature kept at bay.

Yet, in time, this hidden truth will unfold,
After three generations, secrets told.
Freed from chains of error, they will rise,
The spirit's presence, the ultimate prize.

Sir, when will this liberation start,
When the true man reveals truth's noble art?"
"Until the moment, true man shall declare,
Spirit of truth, father's message rare.

He'll teach them all, wisdom's vast domain,
Anoint with life eternal, break the chain.
Blind thought discarded, death they'll defy,
Ascend to light, where this sown seed shall lie.

Authorities relinquish their dominion,
Angels weep, demons in dark opinion.
Children of light, truth and root they'll know,
Chorus of voices in unity will flow.

'Holy is the father, just and true,
The son presides, all things he'll subdue.'
Amen echoes, through ages untold,
In the vast expanse, holy, holy, holy told."

THE END

THE SOPHIA OF JESUS CHRIST

THE WISDOM OF JESUS CHRIST

Upon the mount of "Divination and Joy,"
After death's shadow, life they employ.
Twelve disciples and women, seven in line,
To Galilee's peak, destiny to define.

Perplexed they stood, in holy conference,
The universe's secrets their suspense.
Contemplating providence, powers unseen,
The Savior appeared, in spirit serene.

Not in the form they once beheld,
An angelic presence, unseen, veiled.
His likeness, profound, beyond mortal ken,
Pure flesh could not endure such blend.

His voice echoed, "Peace to you, I give!"
Astonished, afraid, in awe they live.
The Savior laughed, his words unfurled,
"What mystifies you, seekers of the world?"

Philip spoke, pondering the cosmic plan,

The Savior responded, revealing to the clan.
"All born on earth, since time's first unfold,
From dust, they rise, inquisitive, bold.

Inquiring of God, the elusive and grand,
Philosophers sought, their wisdom scanned.
From world's order and its rhythmic beat,
They speculated, theories replete.

Three paths they claimed, in discord they sing,
Self-direction, providence, and fate's wing.
Yet none touched truth, their voices did stray,
Man's conjecture led astray.

I, from Infinite Light, now stand here,
To speak the truth, crisp and clear.
Not self-made life, nor providence's gaze,
Nor fate's blind hand, wisdom's maze.

To you, I unveil the nature exact,
For self-made life is a tarnished act.
Providence lacks wisdom's gleam,
Fate's blind eyes, a futile dream.

To you, the worthy, knowledge bestowed,
Born not of rubbing, but from the First
bestowed.
Immortal 'midst mortals, a sacred ken,
The truth unveiled, by the Infinite Light, Amen."

Matthew spoke to the Lord, seeking truth,
"Only through you, it's found, in veritable sooth.
Teach us, O Savior, the essence, profound,

Unravel the mysteries that in silence abound."

The Savior replied, words profound and rare,
"The Ineffable One, beyond compare,
Unknown to principles, authority, or subjection,
From the world's foundation, a silent reflection.

To him alone, and whom he does ordain,
Revelations flow, wisdom to gain.
I am the Great Savior, immortal and vast,
Eternal, no birth, in time unsurpassed.

He's unbegotten, no beginning to find,
For the born, in time, their ends assigned.
No ruler reigns over, no name does he bear,
Uncreated, unseen, in celestial air.

A semblance peculiar, not as you perceive,
Beyond the universe, in mystery weave.
Looking from every side, self it beholds,
Infinite, incomprehensible, as it unfolds.

Imperishable, faultless, goodness untold,
Eternal, blessed, a mystery to unfold.
Unknown, he knows, immeasurable might,
Untraceable, perfect, in eternal light.

Father of the Universe, the name he dons,
In the silent realms where creation spawns.
In the vast unknown, his glory unfurls,
In the grandeur of ages, the Father of worlds."

Philip inquired, seeking wisdom's light,

"How did he, the unseen, to perfection alight?"
The Savior, perfect, spoke with grace,
Revealing secrets, a profound embrace.

"Before the visible, the realm of the seen,
In him, majesty and authority convene.
The whole of totalities within him reside,
Yet nothing encircles, in him they abide.

All mind, thought, consideration profound,
Reflection, rationality, power, all around.
Equal powers, founts of the cosmic sea,
Sources of all, in divine unity.

From first to last, in his foreknowledge vast,
Their race unfolded, in time's shadow cast.
Infinite, unbegotten Father, sublime,
He, the unseen, through endless time.

Thomas, inquiring with a searching gaze,
"Lord and Savior, unravel this mystic maze.
Why were these brought forth, why revealed,
From hidden depths, their destiny sealed?"

The perfect Savior, in wisdom arrayed,
From the Infinite's core, his voice conveyed.
Spirit-Who-Is, the begetter divine,
With power and form, his essence did shine.

To reveal the wealth within his being,
A cosmic purpose, unseen, foreseeing.
Mercy and love stirred the sacred plan,
To bring forth fruit, creation began.

Not to hoard goodness in solitude,
But to share with spirits in multitudes.
Body and fruit, glory, honor's embrace,
In imperishableness, an eternal grace.

Self-begotten God, the father sublime,
Unveiling treasures with the passage of time.
Yet, the imperishables, not seen by the eye,
A difference vast, 'neath the boundless sky.

He called aloud, "Let those with ears, hear,
About the infinities, drawing near."
To the wakeful souls, his words did steer,
A timeless truth, crystal clear.

"From the perishable, all things will fade,
To imperishableness, they're not conveyed.
Many went astray, in ignorance they bide,
Not discerning the difference, and so, they died."

Mary spoke, seeking wisdom divine,
"Lord, unveil the truth, make it shine.
How shall we, then, discern and see,
Faith in the invisible, revealed to be?"

The perfect Savior, in brilliance arrayed,
Answered Mary, the truth displayed.
"Travel from unseen realms to the seen,
Where Thought's emanation shall intervene.

"Universe's Lord, 'Forefather' named,
Not 'Father,' but a title framed.

Beginning of those to manifest,
Yet the beginningless Forefather, blest.

In a mirror's reflection, he perceived,
A Divine Self-Father, his likeness achieved.
Confronter over the Confronted, sublime,
First Existent, Unbegotten, through time.

Equal in age to the Light before,
Yet not in power, that truth to explore.
A multitude emerged, self-begotten, bright,
Equal in age, in glory's resplendent light.

The Generation over Whom No Kingdom reigns,
Sons of Unbegotten Father, in celestial strains.
God, Savior, Son of God, they're named,
In their likeness, from them, you are framed.

The Unknowable, veiled in glory's attire,
Ever-imperishable, joy their constant lyre.
Resting in him, ineffable delight,
A measureless jubilation, beyond earthly sight.

In realms where joy and glory ever flow,
Unseen by aeons, tranquil peace they sow.
Unceasing bliss, in a world unknown,
Eternal haven where serenity is grown.

Matthew spoke, "Lord, Savior, unveil the Man's creation divine."
Savior replied, "In infinity, Self-grown, Father did shine.

His likeness, a great power, a Light's principle revealed,
An Immortal Androgynous Man, salvation's path unsealed.

Sophia, the Great, his consort in destined union pure,
From Immortal Man, First and divine, their fate to assure.
'Ogdoad,' a grand aeon, birthed for the Father's majesty,
Ruling over poverty's creation, a kingdom's symphony.

Authority granted, gods, archangels, and angels thrived,
From the tri-male Spirit, Sophia's essence derived.
'God of gods' and 'King of kings,' his titles grand,
In the realm of divinity and kingdom, his command.

First Man, with a mind unique, his attributes sublime,
Reflecting, considering, in the realm of space and time.
Equal in imperishableness, yet varied in their might,
Monad, the first creation, in the grand cosmic light.

All revealed from his power, creation to its name,
Fashioned, formed, and named, a celestial claim.
The unbegotten ones, in difference, from start to end,
A cosmic saga unfolding, on destiny's path to transcend."

Bartholomew spoke, seeking wisdom's light,
"Man and Son of Man, how do they unite?"
The Holy One replied with measured grace,
"First Man, Self-perfected, in infinite space.

With Sophia, his consort, a union profound,
Revealed his first-begotten, in glory crowned.
Named 'First Begetter, Son of God' with might,
And 'First Begettress Sophia,' love's pure light.

Christ, the first-begotten, with authority endowed,
Fashioned angels countless, in radiant crowd.
From Spirit and Light, this celestial kin,
God of gods, King of kings, his titles begin.

Disciples, curious, sought to understand,
The Son of Man's glory, revealed as planned.
"Let those with ears hear," the Savior proclaimed,
Adam, Eye of Light, in ineffable joy named.

His holy angels, shadowless and bright,
Rejoiced in their reflecting, pure delight.
The Kingdom of Son of Man, in jubilation,

Unveiling glory, beyond all expectation.

In realms untold, where echoes truths unfold,
Imperishable whispers, a tale of old.
From Self-begotten Light, mysteries trace,
Unheard, unseen, in the infinite space.

Disciples questioned, "Tell with clarity,
How from the unseen to mortal did they flee?"
The Savior spoke, in wisdom, a reply,
Of androgynous light, descending from the sky.

"Savior, Begetter," his male name declared,
"All-Begettress Sophia," his consort shared.
Sent to the world, like a drop from the Light,
Guarded by the Almighty, in the earthly night.

From the bond of forgetfulness, Sophia's plan,
Revealing the truth in the world of man.
"I came from above," the Savior proclaimed,
To cut the robbers' work, the Light untamed.

Awakening the drop, sent by Sophia's hand,
To bear much fruit, a perfected stand.
Through the Great Savior, unity prevails,
Glory revealed, as the divine Light sails.

Sent by the Son, for disciples to receive,
Escape the forgetfulness, in Light believe.
Against the authorities, tread with might,
Banish the fire's intent, embrace the true Light.

Thomas queried, "Lord, how vast and grand,

Are the aeons that surpass the heavenly land?"
The Savior praised the question with a nod,
"For your roots are in the infinities, of God."

He spoke of those revealed, a sacred tale,
Self-begetter Father, in the cosmic trail.
Twelve aeons for angels, a perfect array,
But a defect in the female's light held sway.

"How many aeons immortal, from the vast expanse,
Starting from infinities, in a cosmic dance?"
"Let those with ears, attend and hear,
The first is Son of Man, Savior, drawing near.

The second, Man, 'Adam, Eye of Light' his name,
Embraced by the aeon, eternal flame.
No kingdom above, the Seventh it claims,
From Sophia's wisdom, the first aeon, it aims."

In realms unseen, Immortal Man unfolds,
Aeons and powers, mysteries untold.
Authority granted to those in him concealed,
Desires unleashed; cosmic fate revealed.

Consenting, they revealed their grand design,
Magnificence, spirit's light divine.
First, 'Unity and Rest' in glory's reign,
Named, numbered, in cosmic harmony's chain.

The third, 'Assembly,' a multitude vast,
Gathering, uniting, shadows cast.
As androgynous, partly male, partly female,

'Assembly' and 'Life,' their cosmic tale.

From thought to power, gods in wisdom rise,
Each revealing the next, celestial ties.
Lords, archangels, angels in their accord,
Semblances formed, in name and structure stored.

The immortals, with authority endowed,
Silence, their Mother, majesty avowed.
In the Eighth, kingdoms, thrones, temples soared,
Willed by the Mother, the Universe adored.

Holy Apostles spoke, their quest declared,
"Lord, Savior, the aeons—be them bared."
The perfect Savior, wisdom in his gaze,
Promised knowledge in response ablaze.

"In countless hosts, angelic forces soar,
Myriads unnumbered, their glory they bore.
Virgin spirits, lights ineffable, bright,
No sickness, no weakness, in endless light.

"In heavens, firmaments, swift completion found,
Immortal Man, Sophia, glory crowned.
A pattern set for each aeon's birth,
In chaos' heavens, the seeds of Earth.

"All natures revel, chaos' revelation,
In the Light, shadowless, joy's foundation.
Unutterable jubilation, ceaseless delight,

In glory unchanging, immeasurable height.

Wisdom shared, a beacon to outshine,
In brilliance radiant, your path divine.
Illuminate the journey with sacred Light,
In each step's glow, find truth in the night.

Mary spoke to him, seeking divine lore,
"Lord, whence come disciples, where's their store?
What purpose drives them, in this earthly sphere,
Guide us, O Savior, make your will clear."

Perfect Savior, in wisdom profound,
Unveiled the tale of origins unbound,
Sophia, Mother, in desire's embrace,
Wished creation, in her sacred space.

Yearning to bring forth without a mate,
Father's will ordained a different fate.
A curtain woven 'twixt the worlds above,
And those below, bound by sacred love.

This veil, a boundary 'twixt mortal and divine,
Concealing secrets in its radiant shine.
An emanation, from Light's pure source,
A drop descended on its destined course.

In chaos, Almighty’s lower domain,
Molded forms from this drop did gain.
A living soul, through breath did rise,
Ignorant slumber in soul's disguise.

Heated by the breath of the Great Light,
Names bestowed, forming chaos' might.
In the world of ignorance and strife,
A soul-like being received this life.

Mother Sophia, with purpose clear,
Willed this breath, dispelling the fear.
Immortal Man, in garments divine,
A judgment woven, as chaos aligned.

Yet, soul-like, he could not fully partake,
Until the angel determined the stake.
Completing the number, chaos' decree,
Awaiting the time for true liberty.

In wisdom's light, Immortal Man I've shown,
Robbers' bonds I've loosened, victory sown.
Gates of pitiless foes, shattered in their sight,
Malicious intent humbled, ignorance taking flight.

Shame draped the robbers, rising from their dark,
To join with Spirit and Breath, a sacred spark.
From two to one, as from the primal birth,
Fruits abundant, ascending to boundless mirth.

Ineffable joy, honor, glory, and grace,
To the Father of the Universe, our resting place.
Pure knowledge of the Father, a sacred key,
Depart to repose, Unbegotten Majesty.

Know the Immortal Spirit in silence profound,
Reflecting and consenting, truth unbound.
Signs of the Invisible One, bring them clear,
A light in the Spirit of Silence, appear.

Son of Man known in knowledge and love,
Signs to bring, to the dwelling-places above.
Completing the masculine multitude's name,
In aeons, infinities, in glory, they claim.

The Perfect One's name, the Holy Angels' will,
A revelation that hearts might fulfill.
In the wealth untraceable, Invisible Spirit's grace,
Rest with no kingdom, a divine resting place.

From the First Who Was Sent, I descend,
To unveil the God above, our celestial friend.
Against Arch-Begetter's angels' bold claim,
Removing blindness, revealing the Name.

Tread on their graves, defy their yoke,
Authority as Sons of Light, their power revoke.
These words, the Savior's final decree,
As disciples embraced ineffable glee.

Gospel of God, eternal, imperishable Spirit,
Preached by disciples, fervent, Holy merit.
Amen, the chorus, the tale complete,
In joy profound, victory sweet.

THE END

AFTERWORD

Dear Readers,

As we reach the culmination of our shared odyssey through the sacred verses of "Apocryphonic Orchestra," I find myself humbled by the vast landscapes we have traversed together. In this moment, where the echoes of ancient wisdom still reverberate in the corridors of our contemplation, I am compelled to offer you a heartfelt reflection on this poetic journey—a journey that has been both an exploration of the divine and a revelation of the soul.

From the very inception of this collection, my aim has been to breathe life into the narratives of early Christianity, to resurrect the voices that have long lingered in the shadows of orthodoxy. Inspired by the timeless wisdom of texts like The Apocryphon of John, Tripartite Tractate, The Gospel of Truth, Hypostasis of the Archons, and The Sophia of Jesus Christ, I sought to embark on a literary odyssey that pays homage to the greats while carving a unique path of its own.

As the poet behind these verses, I have endeavored to channel the spirit of the ancient mystics and visionaries, infusing each line with the same divine fervor that sparked the creation of these sacred texts. In weaving this narrative, my intention was not only to narrate but to evoke—to make the intangible, timeless truths palpable to the heart and spirit of the reader.

The title, "Apocryphonic Orchestra," was chosen with a deliberate sense of orchestration. These poems are not mere verses; they are musical notes in a grand symphony of divine revelation. Each piece, inspired by the intricacies of Dantean epics, contributes to a harmonious chorus that transcends the boundaries of time and space. Through the cadence of words, I aimed to create a sacred space where theology and poetry coalesce, inviting readers to immerse themselves in the divine melody that resounds through these pages.

As we conclude our odyssey, I want to extend my deepest gratitude to you, dear reader. You have been my companion on this spiritual journey, and it is your willingness to delve into the depths of these verses that has made this odyssey truly transcendent. It is my sincere hope that the words within these pages have resonated with you, sparked contemplation, and perhaps even kindled the flame of spiritual enlightenment.

The epic narrative that unfolds here is not confined to the ancient past; it is a living tapestry that connects us to the eternal truths embedded in the fabric of existence. Each poem, a thread in this cosmic weave, invites you to reflect not only on the narratives of the past but on the very nature of your own spiritual quest. Through the lens of these ancient texts, we glimpse the perennial wisdom that transcends religious dogma, reaching into the heart of what it means to be human.

In contemplating the Apocryphonic Odyssey, I encourage you to let the verses linger in the sacred chambers of your soul. These poems are more than literary compositions; they are vessels of contemplation, prayers that transcend the boundaries of time and space. Let them be a source of solace, guidance, and inspiration as you navigate the intricate tapestry of your own spiritual journey.

At the core of this collection is an invitation—to question, to seek, to discover. The Gnostic texts, with their enigmatic allure, beckon us to explore the mysteries that lie beyond the veil of ordinary perception. They are keys that unlock the doors of gnosis, inviting us to peer into the ineffable and discover the divine spark within.

As we part ways at the end of this odyssey, my hope is that the echoes of these verses will linger in your heart, prompting you to embark on your own journey of self-discovery and spiritual awakening. The Apocryphonic Orchestra is not a final destination but a waypoint—a threshold that leads to the boundless expanse of inner illumination.

May the symphony of words within these pages continue to resonate within you, guiding you towards the ineffable truths that await your discovery. In the spirit of the ancient poets and mystics, I extend my heartfelt wishes for your continued exploration of the divine, both within and beyond.

With gratitude and reverence,

Jeff Callaway
October 31, 2023

Jeff Callaway, a native Texan, is a prolific writer renowned for his compelling storytelling and captivating poetry. With an extensive repertoire of published works, including six chapbooks and two full-length volumes of poems, he has established himself as a distinguished literary voice. From his early beginnings performing at open mic events to his notable art exhibition at the esteemed Hal Samples Space Gallery in Deep Ellum, Jeff's artistic journey has been a testament to his talent and dedication. "APOCRYPHONIC ORCHESTRA" marks his triumphant foray into the realm of theology, highlighting his ability to transport readers into richly imagined worlds. Currently based in Dallas, Jeff continues to inspire through his writing, painting, and unwavering pursuit of artistic expression.

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